THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Volume 174, No. 18 — *Philadelphia, November 2, 1901* — Five Cents the Copy

1240Claypool J R W 2852
Williamsport Ind

Copyright, 1901, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch St. London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk St., Strand, W. C. Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Sophomores Abroad

On Board the Astoria

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

Publicity and the Trusts

By William E. Mason

U. S. Senator from Illinois

Superstition Trail

By Owen Wister

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Every Student an evidence of our thorough personal attention to your individual work.

Horace C. Dale, Pennsylvania.

These faces are but a few of the many employed graduates who are earning from $30 to $60 per week.

Edward K. Molara, New York.

We are constantly in daily communication with large firms who are looking to employ Ad-writers. Our association in this direction gives you an advantage over any one relying on his own efforts.

Send for our book of proofs. It tells all. "This is the original school you hear so much about."

PAGE-DAVIS ADV. SCHOOL
Suite 18, 167 Adams St.
Chicago

William S. Bremer, Wisconsin.

Page-Davis School of ADVERTISING

THE ORIGINAL SCHOOL

BUSINESS SHORTHAND

For Young Men and Women

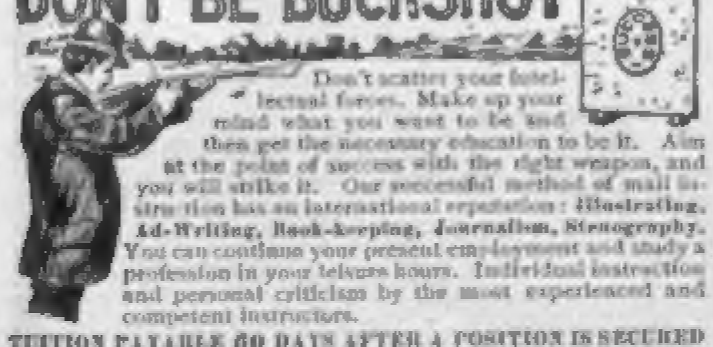
Business Shorthand is one of the surest roads to those confidential relations with the head of the firm that will give you an insight into the inner workings of the business and fit you for positions of greater trust and responsibility.

We Teach You the Business by Mail

We know just what is needed, because we are constantly in touch with modern business men and business methods, and have in our employ the largest staff of verbatim reporters in the world, who work with us on all kinds of commercial shorthand and reporting. We give you the same instruction and criticisms that you would receive if you were in our employ. Write for detailed information today. Don't wait until tomorrow.

MANHATTAN REPORTING CO.
Dept. 9, 150 Nassau Street New York

DON'T BE BUCKSHOT



Don't scatter your intellectual forces. Make up your mind what you want to be and then get the necessary education to be it. Aim at the point of success with the right weapon, and you will strike it. Our successful method of mail instruction has an international reputation: **Illustrating, Ad-Writing, Book-keeping, Journalism, Stenography.** You can continue your present employment and study a profession in your leisure hours. Individual instruction and personal criticism by the most experienced and competent instructors.

TUITION PAYABLE 60 DAYS AFTER A POSITION IS SECURED

Write for literature (sent free) mentioning the course in which you are interested. Write today and soon you will have your ambition realized. **CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, B 544, Scranton, Pa., U. S. A.**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Senator Beveridge

Hon. Albert J. Beveridge, United States Senator from Indiana, has spent the past five months in the Far East investigating commercial and political conditions, studying international relations, appraising natural resources, and conferring with the men who are shaping the Eastern policy of the European Powers.

The vast amount of valuable material thus secured at first hand Senator Beveridge will embody in a series of noteworthy papers, which are scheduled for immediate publication in The Saturday Evening Post.

Unlike most articles on weighty international affairs, these papers will be of extraordinary interest to the general reader. He will find a conservative estimate of business conditions tempered by the brilliancy and vividness of the trained writer, who knows how to make the most of all that is striking.

The first of these articles is to appear in an early number of The Saturday Evening Post.

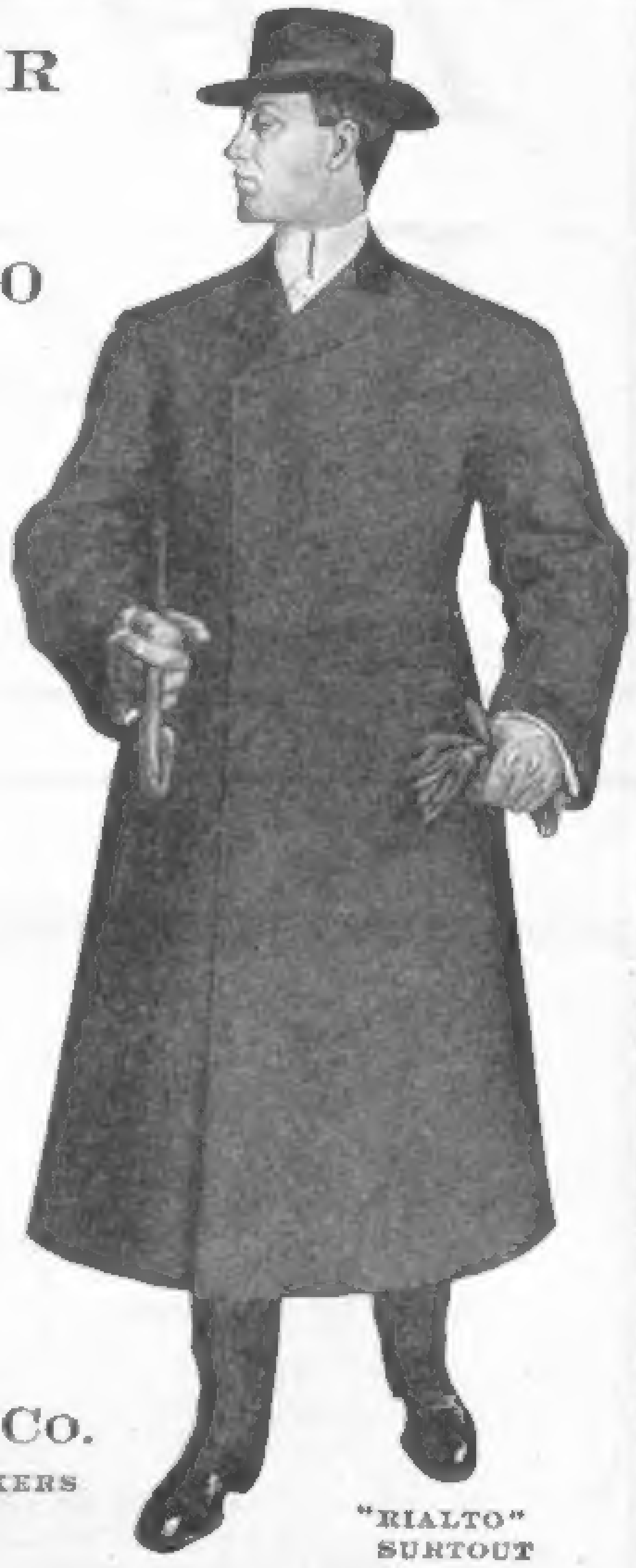
Charles M. Flandrau

The Diary of a Harvard Freshman, which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post last winter, made so many friends for Granny and Berri and their little circle of Harvard undergraduates, whose doings it described, that Mr. Flandrau has written for the magazine a new series of papers, which follow the young men on their foreign travels. These tales are as witty and as humorous as their predecessors, and are all the better for a change of scene and atmosphere.

An Advanced Course in Photography

Miss Zaida Ben-Yûsuf, whose remarkable photographic illustrations for short stories frequently appear in these pages, has prepared for the readers of this magazine a practical advanced course in amateur photography. These papers are addressed to the amateur who, though able to make fairly good pictures, is conscious that they are not quite on a par with professional work. Miss Ben-Yûsuf will give hints and suggestions on portraiture, landscape photography, night pictures, flash-light work, and the technique of developing and printing. These papers will be illustrated by reproductions of the author's own work.

KUPPENHEIMER SUITS AND OVERCOATS $12.50 TO $40.00



ARE UNLIKE ANYTHING YOU EVER SAW IN THE WAY OF READY-TO-PUT-ON CLOTHES.

EVERY DETAIL IS JUST RIGHT. QUALITY, STYLE, FIT AND FINISH ARE JUST AS YOU WANT THEM—PERFECT.

IF YOU HAVE ANY DIFFICULTY IN OBTAINING OUR MAKE FROM YOUR LOCAL CLOTHIERS, WE'LL TELL YOU WHERE YOU CAN BUY

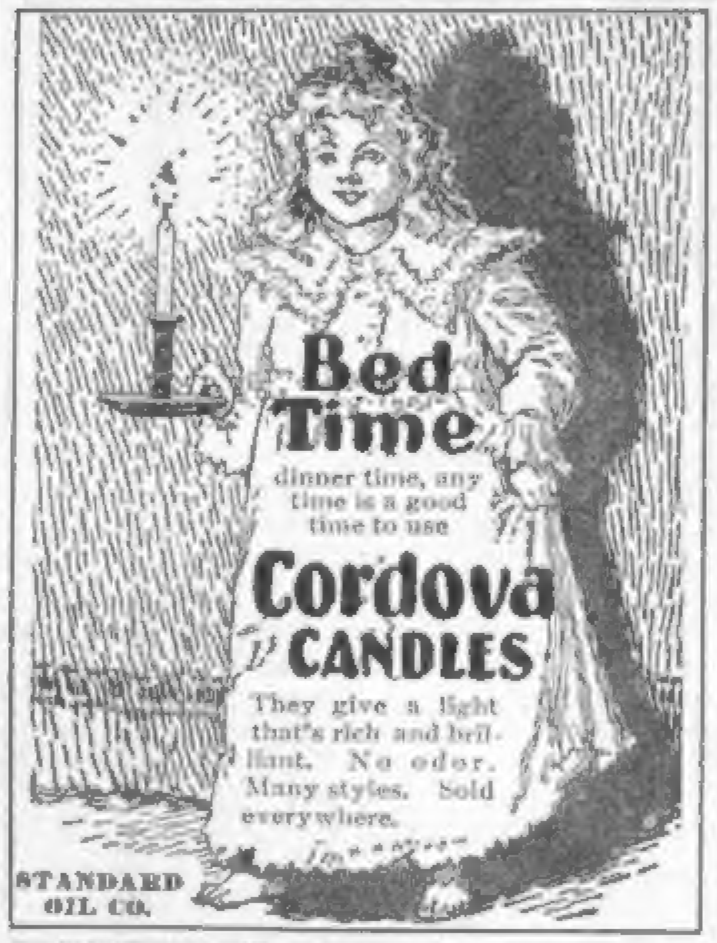
KUPPENHEIMER
GUARANTEED CLOTHES

THIS GUARANTEE WITH EVERY GARMENT:
"ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK."

ASK FOR VOL. XVII OF OUR FASHIONS.

B. KUPPENHEIMER & CO.
AMERICA'S LEADING CLOTHES MAKERS
CHICAGO

"RIALTO" SURTOUT



Bed Time

dinner time, any time is a good time to use

Cordova CANDLES

They give a light that's rich and brilliant. No odor. Many styles. Sold everywhere.

STANDARD OIL CO.

ILLUSTRATING Taught By Mail

Home lessons by well-known illustrators. Highly profitable; takes spare hours only; *practical* instruction in Newspaper, Magazine, Commercial Drawing, Lettering and Wall Paper Designs. Adapted to men, women, beginners and advanced students. By our methods students have become successful Illustrators. Only adequate school of its kind.

N. Y. School of Illustrating
1512 Broadway, N. Y. *Catalog Free*

SPECIAL COURSES IN
PHOTOGRAPHY $5
TAUGHT BY MAIL

Covering professional or amateur instruction in Exposing, Developing, Intensifying, Reducing, Printing and Finishing. Other courses of five branches or less may be selected as requirements dictate. Individual training, personal criticism.

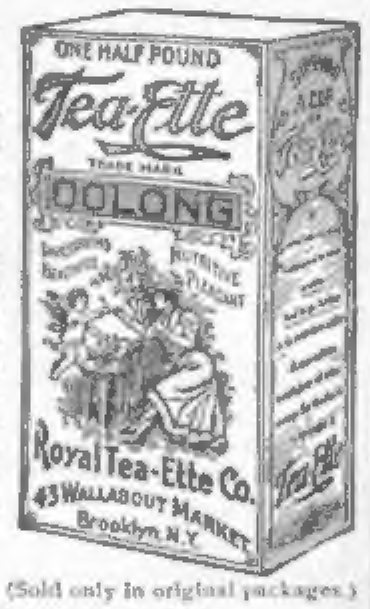
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY
Incorporated. Box 1006, Scranton, Pa.

BIRDS LOVE BIRD MANNA

It will keep Song Birds in constant song, even when shedding feathers. It cures almost all diseases of the Feathered Kingdom. Especially valuable during Breeding. A great delicacy. Birds Love It. 15c. per cake at all druggists'. Same price by mail. Bird Book Free.

BIRD FOOD CO., 400 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa.

EVERYBODY NOW DRINKS TEA-ETTE



People are fast learning the value of Tea-Ette, and how important it is to use pure Tea. Physicians will tell you that Tannin is worse than alcohol Poison. Tea-Ette is the best grade of tea with the (poisonous) Tannin taken out, retaining all the good qualities that Tea possesses. People drink Tea-Ette because they know it is the only Tea that is free from poison.

(Sold only in original packages.)

People who drink Tea cannot sleep.
People who drink Tea-Ette sleep like a top.

If your grocer does not keep it, insist on his getting it for you, or on receipt of 40 cents we will mail you a half pound of either Oolong, Mixed, English Breakfast or Ceylon flavors. Name the flavor you want. ADDRESS DEPT. G.

ROYAL TEA-ETTE CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ILLUSTRATING TAUGHT BY CORRESPONDENCE

Also Newspaper Sketching, Designing, etc. Best Methods. Prepares quickly for Paying Work. Personal Instruction and guidance. Adapted to all. Students enthusiastic. Easy terms. Largest and Most Practical School. Incorporated.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING
Write for particulars 11 N. Penn St., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

LANGUAGES

For Self-Study, School Use, Etc.

CORTINA'S METHOD (complete) $1.50
Awarded First Prize Columbian Exposition.

OR BY PHONOGRAPH

THE IDEAL METHOD. Circulars, etc. on application. List of our Books and Catal. of Imp. SPANISH BOOKS.

R. D. Cortina, Academy of Languages, 44 W. 34th St., N.Y.

Homes of the Cliff Dwellers

can easily be visited when in Colorado from points on the Rio Grande Southern R. R., which is the great scenic route through Southwestern Colorado.
For full information address,

E. T. JEFFERY, President, Denver, Colo.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Founded A°. D°. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

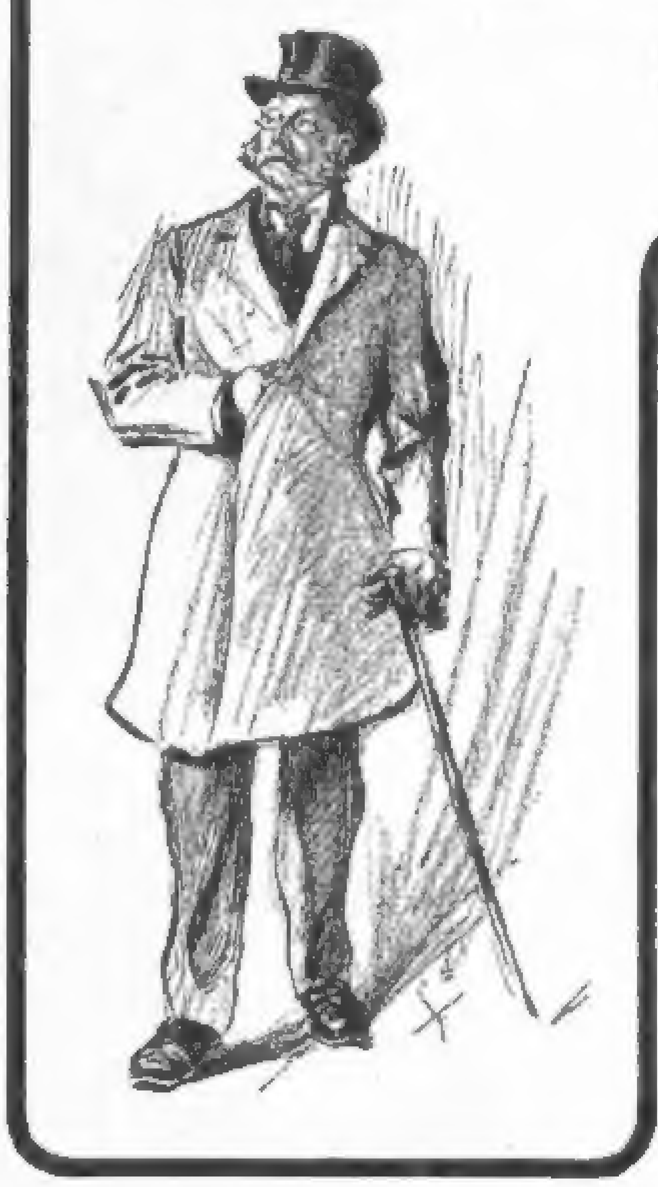
Copyright, 1901, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

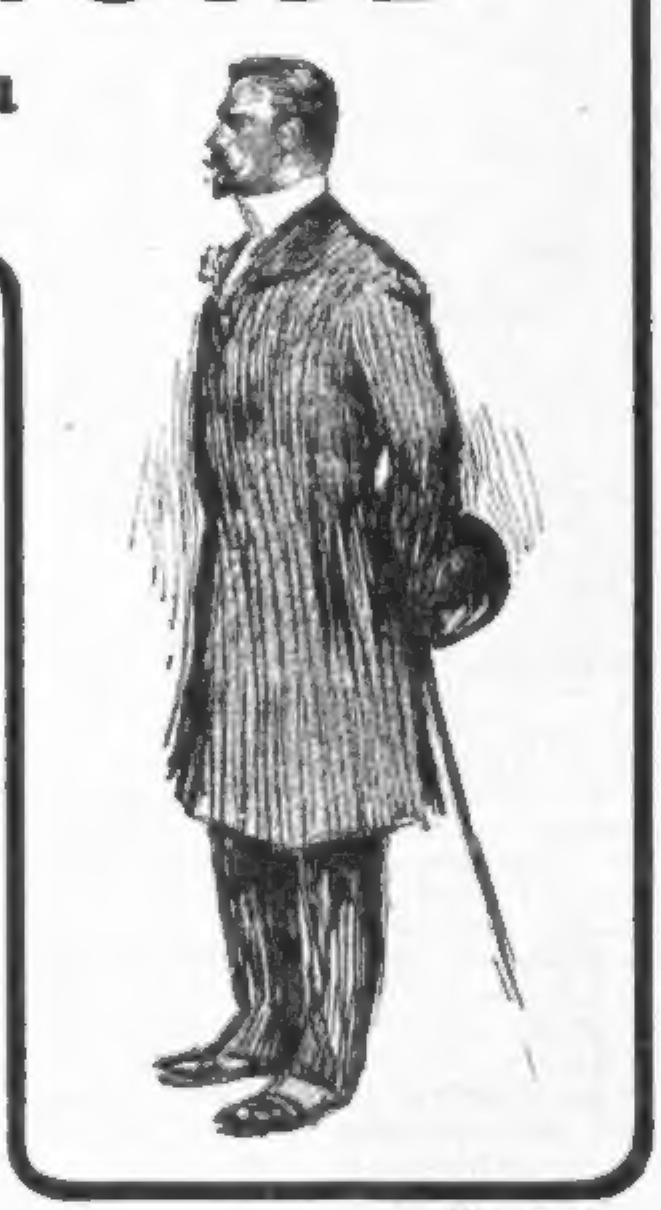
Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

SOPHOMORES ABROAD

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

Author of "The Diary of a Harvard Freshman"





Shipmates aft

ON BOARD THE ASTORIA

I SHALL never forget the morning we sailed. College had been closed for—I think it was a little more than a week, but it had seemed in some ways a year. I don't mean, now that I look back on it from the other side of the ocean, that I hadn't liked waiting for the family; for desperately hot and desperately lonely as Cambridge is in July, there was something about it (I can't explain the feeling to myself even)—there was something about it that I *did* like. Berri says my capacity for sentiment is at times positively ghoulish; but I think he usually makes a remark of this kind after he has been recalling all sorts of pleasant dead-and-done-for things himself.

Of course the place wasn't altogether deserted; Cambridge never is. Mr. Dalton—my adviser—for instance, had stayed on to teach at the summer school and we saw a good deal of each other. Somehow the fact that the doors of the recitation halls were closed and locked gave me a different attitude toward him. In the first place, he isn't so incredibly old; he's just twenty-seven. And whether my being a sophomore elevated me to his standard, or whether his having finished his work for a while brought him down to mine—I don't know. But at any rate, after the first few days I forgot to a great extent that we weren't about the same age.

The heat was something that toward the end of the week became—if I may permit myself the suffering word—actually weird. The sun seemed to rise at about three in the morning in a sky that got me into the habit of falling back on expressions like "steely" and "pitiless" in all my good-by letters. I found myself growing morbidly impatient for the long list of "prostrations" in the newspapers, and now and then speculating on the curbstone as to the probabilities of my ever reaching the opposite side of that molten triangle I had once known as the "Square." But Dalton's room was big and dim, and had an electric fan—a fan that used to go suddenly mad late at night, dance frantically across the table, and then, with a terrifying noise, commit suicide over the edge. At first we merely attributed this to the heat; anything could have been attributed to the heat without a word of protest from any one. But Dalton after a talk with the janitor was forced reluctantly to believe that when the lights were turned off in other places his little machine simply lost its head from access of power; in which respect he declared that it resembled no end of other little machines of his acquaintance.

Most of my afternoons I spent in Dalton's room. In the evening he would take me to dine at the Colonial Club, where we sat afterward drinking long, cold soda lemonades on the balcony up among the treetops—or we dined on a terrace at a hotel in town. It really was very pleasant, now that I look back. We were almost always joined by some one who was passing through town or staying to get off a condition at the summer school—and who liked to pretend that he hated it, just as we pretended. It couldn't be called a strenuous week exactly; but when Dalton was marking his last few examination books, I read a lot and wrote the letters I otherwise shouldn't have written. The hardest work I did was trying to picture myself packing two trunks and wondering where I should ever get the energy with which to do it.

Of course I put off packing until the night before we sailed, and then—likewise, of course (the "of courses" are mamma's, not mine), I found that various garments I couldn't travel without were hermetically sealed for the summer in the rooms of my friends. It was easy enough to recollect that my winter overcoat was on the top floor of Randolph; that my dress-clothes were at Beck (I had left them there after staying all night once with Laurie Johnson, and it was only half consoling to remember that I still had the suit Laurie had let me wear to breakfast), and that my only hat—excepting a straw one—was some place in Claverly. I knew where they all were and frequently had been on the point of hunting them up. When I rounded the point, so to speak, it was almost midnight.

On the whole, I think I prefer to pass lightly over the incidents of my last night in Cambridge. Waking a succession of janitors from sound sleep is an undertaking both extremely disagreeable and not, I am inclined to believe, altogether unattended by danger. Then, after prolonged and debilitating arguments, to plunge into a black and tropical atmosphere of moth-balls—to grope among football clothes and sweaters, blankets and fuzzy woolen winter things . . . . The dress-clothes I was enabled to dig and gasp for from the feeling that if I should need them in Europe at all—which was perhaps improbable—I should need them very badly; the hat, I bled and died for chiefly because I had heard that straw hats in England made one unpleasantly conspicuous, and I could see myself landing at Liverpool amid the Falstaffian chuckles of a whole empire; the coat—well, I may not have learned very much by experience, but I've learned enough not to meet mamma's inquiring gaze in any temperature without a winter overcoat.

Dalton came over to "talk to me while I packed"—which naturally resulted in my saying: "I have all night, you know—and anyhow, it doesn't take me but a few minutes." So when I at last began to assort the hopeless hillock of things that Mrs. Chester had piled on the floor near my yawning trunks, the sky through the horse-chestnut trees just outside my windows was turning once more to the "steely," "pitiless," electric blue I mentioned, and the milk carts were rattling through the damp, quiet streets. I had never packed for a trip to Europe before, and when I found myself confronted at last by the necessity of picking out the things I needed for the voyage, I began to feel excited. A cold little thrill (it was the first time I had felt cold in weeks) ran through me, and I don't think it ever quite left me until late that afternoon when I went into a sort of exhausted trance in a steamer-chair on deck. Almost everything I owned seemed absolutely necessary for the voyage, and after stuffing my little steamer-trunk to the limit there were enough clothes left over on the floor beside it to fill two others of the same size. Then I sat down for half an hour and wondered if I was going to catch the boat.

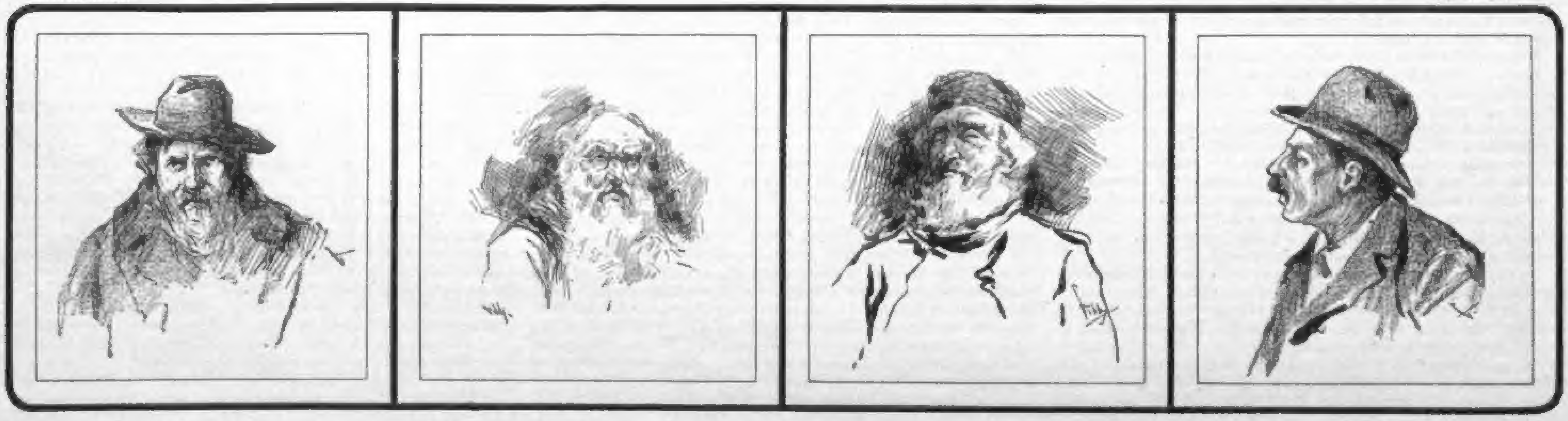
Reason came to me, I think, on realizing that it would be more or less impossible in eight or nine days to use so many things on land. I had evidently been allowing for shipwreck and protracted sojourns on desert islands. After that it was easier—although I ended by jamming into the corners all sorts of inane things I never thought of afterward, except to wonder why they were there. (Berri, who has been to Europe over and over again, tells me that he always does this.) When Mrs. Chester appeared she held up her hands. With most people I've noticed that the holding up of hands has become a purely verbal convention. With Mrs. Chester, however, the act itself is inseparable from an exhibition of dismay. I've learned to regard it as the physical equivalent of "land sakes!"

"What-che doin' with all them clothes squashed that-a-way into your trunk?" she inquired. "You're not leavin' to-day, are you?" I replied that, improbable as it seemed, I was going to depart within two hours.

"Why, you can't," she declared with a note of finality. "Your wash aren't here yet." Whereupon I had visions of Mrs. Chester inducing the steamship company to linger until Miss Shedd had finished ironing.

Editor's Note—This is the first of six sketches which will appear at intervals of three weeks.

DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS



Shipmates forward

Miss Shedd had to be sent for, and, as she lives somewhere in darkest Cambridgeport, my trunks were strapped behind the cab and the driver was suggesting uneasily that the way to the docks on a hot morning was a long one before she at length came puffing around the corner. I had been restrained from giving her up and leaving without my wash only by Mrs. Chester, who had run to the next street at intervals and exclaimed with an assurance that she herself no longer believed in:

"Well, I *will* say for Miss Shedd—she'll do the best she can." This, I suppose, Miss Shedd really did. But when it became evident to me that her utmost consisted of two armfuls of soggy linen bursting through a melted newspaper I was sorry I had waited—particularly as the delay enabled Mrs. Chester to "run in," as she said, "and jest take a last look 'round;" a fatally considerate performance that resulted in another newspaper bundle containing my slippers, a suit of pajamas, a bath-wrapper, a wet sponge and a razor-strop. (Berri says that before long it won't be necessary for people to travel with razor-strops as he will have left enough of them hanging to the door-knobs of hotel bedrooms to supply the demand.)

In the matter of arriving on time, I am growing to believe that Berri and I are pursued by a relentless fate. Mamma and papa and Mildred had reached town the afternoon before, and instead of staying all night at the hotel with them I was to meet them at the ship. It seemed ever so much easier, of course, because all I had to do was to embark in Cambridge on what Berri calls a "deep-sea-going barouche" and land, so to speak, in Liverpool. Berri was to come up from the country on an early train.

My carriage rolled luxuriously through suburban streets and reached a lower bridge just as the draw majestically parted for the purpose apparently of enabling a dredging machine to become inextricably stuck in the opening. I had never known before that there was a draw, and remember indignantly telling the driver so—as if the fact of my ignorance were one of considerable importance. He was a maddening creature—full of the kind of hope that achieves nothing but the waste of other people's time. It was fully twenty minutes before I could persuade him to turn back and try another bridge. This plunged us into a part of town I had often heard of but never seen, and I peered out of the windows from side to side feeling as if I were already abroad; for it was the Jewish quarter—a perfect maze of squalid cañons teeming and shimmering in the cruel sun. I had become absorbed in the Hebrew signs and the fact that most of the women were hatless and wore quite the wiggiest wigs I had ever imagined, when suddenly in the narrowest street of all the cab stopped.

If I were a driver and came to an abrupt standstill on the way to a steamer, for which I was already late, I'm sure my first thought would be to tell the person inside what was the matter. But I've noticed that drivers always assume that no one in the least cares. They just sit on the box until you come to the conclusion that the delay is serious and proceed to find out for yourself. This I very soon did, and found out that a horse, three vehicles ahead of us, had fallen down and was blocking traffic in both directions as far as the eye could reach. My own conveyance was pinched between an ice-wagon and one of those flour-barrel pyramids fresh from the cooper-shop that towers to the second story. And nobody seemed to care whether we ever moved again or not; the heat had simply oozed the life out of them. They sat listlessly on their wagons or stretched out with their hats over their eyes like so many fatalists. For a second I thought I should just get into the carriage, pull down all the curtains and cry. Then all at once I had an inspiring sensation that I suppose is common to everybody. You can conceive of failing to keep an appointment of almost any kind—a dinner, a dance, a funeral, the wedding of your best friend—your own wedding; but when it becomes a question of missing a steamer for Europe the mind reels somehow and refuses to believe that such a thing could possibly be. I don't think that for this particular contingency any allowance in the human intellect was made. I simply knew that—late as it was and hopeless as it was—I was going to catch the Astoria.

I ran along to where the horse was stretched across the street, and there, kneeling bareheaded in the blazing sun, was Berri—fanning the animal's neck with his hat.

"Good heavens—is it you that's doing all this!" I exclaimed. He glanced up at me over his shoulder—not at all surprised by my arrival, although we hadn't seen each other for a week.

"Here—you fan and I'll pour," he remarked, thrusting his hat into my hands and picking up a pail of water that some one had brought through the crowd. I clapped the hat on his head and took him by the arm.

"It was all my fault," he declared remorsefully. "Coming up from the seashore I didn't realize how hot it was and told the man to drive fast."

"You told him to drive fast because you were late *then*," I answered; "think what you are now." In his passion for animals I actually believe that Berri had forgotten all about the ship.

"Oh, that will be all right," he shrugged. "Aunt Josephine knows the Captain."

"Your Aunt Josephine—is *she* going?" I asked incredulously; for this was the first I'd heard of it.

"Why, yes—she's to have our room," Berri explained.

"And what, please, are we going to do?" I demanded; for I had picked out our room with a great deal of care and happened to know that the Astoria was crowded.

"Why, you see, at the last moment the dear old thing suddenly thought she'd like to go, and as it seemed rather pointless for us to take different boats I told her to leave it all to me and she'd be very comfortable. Well, when I tried to make arrangements with the company——" (Here the fallen horse was pulled over to the sidewalk and the compact line of wagons began to loosen and proceed; all of which would have happened long before if Berri hadn't displayed his S. P. C. A. badge and insisted on administering first aid to the injured.)—"when I tried to make arrangements with the company," he continued after we got into my coach and moved slowly away, "I couldn't—there weren't any to be made; all the rooms were taken. So there was really nothing to do but tell Aunt Josephine that I had seen to everything and then let her have our room. That woman's belief in me is positively pathetic," Berri ended fondly.

"It seems to be almost justified," I suggested coldly.

"You have an attractive lot of luggage, haven't you!" he answered, sticking his finger through the wet newspaper around my shirts. This made me laugh, and after that I forgot about not having any place to sleep.

I didn't forget, though, that it was not only past the time at which the Astoria was advertised to sail—it was perilously near the moment at which she actually would sail; which was just half an hour later. Berri, too, was worried, I know, for after glancing at his watch he didn't mind my imploring the driver to go faster—which would have been impossible for him to do as we had got out of the crowd and were swashing over car tracks and lurching around corners on two wheels.

"A wild night on the good ship Astoria," Berri giggled as we took a flying leap across a gutter and our heads thumped together. Then we passed under a sort of arch out of the dazzling sunlight, and the horses' hoofs came thundering down on the planks of the pier—scattering porters and stewards and sailors, and enraging people generally.

Well, I don't think I should care to do it again. It involves too much; the consequences are too various. In the first place, papa wouldn't speak to me all that day and part of the next. When a husky quartermaster flung Berri and me up the gangway, we found papa and mamma and Mildred and Berri's aunt tearfully huddled in the middle of it, while one of the ship's officers was sternly commanding them to decide instantly either to go up or down. To go down meant losing the ship, and to go up, of course, meant losing me—which mamma flatly refused to do, without, however, moving in either direction. At the critical moment, when the bugle had been blown to let people know it was time to go ashore if they didn't intend to sail, it had suddenly occurred to mamma that Berrisford was no doubt on board and in as fine a frenzy as she was; but as she had never seen Berri she had to send a steward through the ship calling out his name. At the same instant Berri's aunt (who had never seen me) was inspired by a similar brilliant idea, and she had sent out a search-party of her own chanting my name. In this way the two families—although they hadn't found us—found each other, and had become united on the plank, to the intense interest of the crowd on the deck and on the pier. It was, I admit, an agonizing little situation that Berri and I just managed to save. The plank was pulled in almost before we had left it. I found my way to the promenade deck as quickly as possible—wishing to avoid any estranging family comments—and as I leaned limply over the rail some one among the hundreds of upturned faces along the edge of the pier began to shout at me. The crowd was so dense and so far below that for a moment I couldn't discover who it was. Then all at once my eyes focused our cab-driver—with outstretched arms—tendering the moving steamer my wet, unironed shirts, my bath-wrapper, my slippers, my razor-strop and my sponge. I groped for Berri and we fell, hysterical, into each other's arms.

. . . .

The interest I took in the voyage seemed to amuse Berri exceedingly. To him, of course, crossing the Atlantic was an old story; but to me it was the latest romance. Just why, it would be rather hard to tell, for absolutely nothing happened during the entire passage.

"That's the trouble with it," Berri said one morning when we were stretched out on deck in the sun, with books in our laps that we never quite reached the point of opening. "I get tired and restless because nothing ever does happen, and I haven't even the resource of wishing that something would; for that, of course, would be infinitely worse." This reminded me of mamma and Mildred when they first went into their stateroom.

"Dear me—what a lot of life-preservers," mamma had remarked. "Isn't it nice!"

"Nice," sniffed Mildred, whose nerves had not yet recovered their usual calm; "it's nice in about the same way it would be nice if railway companies strung coffins along the roofs of their sleeping cars"—which placed things in an entirely different light and agitated mamma greatly. She confided to me that she would like to try one of the things on to see how the strings worked, but she was afraid Mildred might come in and discover her. I told her that if she liked she could rehearse in our room, and I would stand guard at the door; but she wouldn't.

Our room, by the way (Berri hypnotized the authorities into giving us one), was in the second cabin. Its situation, Berri said, was unutterable, although he admitted that under the circumstances we were lucky to get a room at all. But as I had never been on a big ship before I found it very interesting, and saw all sorts of sights I probably shouldn't have seen if "Aunt Josephine" hadn't decided to come. For the galley was just across and we were almost next door to the butcher and the baker. One terrible afternoon, when the Astoria was proceeding in a series of handsprings with an occasional dive to the bottom and a gleeful kick of her heels at the sky, I braced myself in the narrow passage and watched the cooks preparing dinner. Their apparent unconsciousness that the tables and the thing they cooked on were most of the time at an angle of forty-five degrees, and that they were positively wading through broken crockery, was perfectly beautiful. I think a ship's galley in rough weather must be the noisiest place in the world. The whole thing was out of drawing like a picture in a bad dream; the uproar and unreality of it all gave me a queer, delightful feeling of exhilaration. Our room always smelt of fresh bread, which is an odor I particularly like, although it keeps me in a perpetual state of hunger. Whenever I woke up in the night I could hear the bakers hauling loaves of bread out of their ovens and slamming the doors. I think they baked night and day for a week.

Then the fact that in the second cabin the partitions of the staterooms didn't reach to the ceiling was not without a decided human interest. I could lie in bed in the morning and listen to three separate conversations. In one room there were an actor and two clergymen, and whenever the actor wished to have the apartment all to himself to dress in he would simply begin to tell anecdotes of life on the variety stage, which, in an incredibly short time, had the desired effect. In another room there was a family. I never actually saw it, but I got to know part of it intimately from hearing a series of dialogues that ran something like this:

"Mamma—do I like lobster?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Willie; but I shouldn't think you would after yesterday."

"Mamma—if papa shot a whale would the ship stop to pick it up?"

"No, certainly not. Willie, you're driving me mad."

"Mamma—isn't it almost time to see an iceberg?"

"Willie—if you ask me another question I'll get into bed and die." (*A pause.*)

"Which bed—mamma?"

Then there was a roomful of cockney Englishmen, and if I had had any scruples in overhearing their conversation I should have lost them on discovering what a fine ear they had for mine. We had forgotten to write our names on the bath-list, and as the ship was crowded we had to take our baths either very early or very late. I preferred mine early, but as this left such a long, hungry time before breakfast I rang the bell the second morning out, and when the steward came said: "Steward, please bring me some coffee and toast." I had no idea that my voice was a proud and haughty one, but it must be, for immediately afterward from the other side of the partition was wafted: "Stewardess, send for my 'mide' and tell her to pick me out a frock," followed by a burst of shrill laughter.

Speaking of baths, Berri says that having to take them on shipboard is, to him, the most obnoxious thing in life.

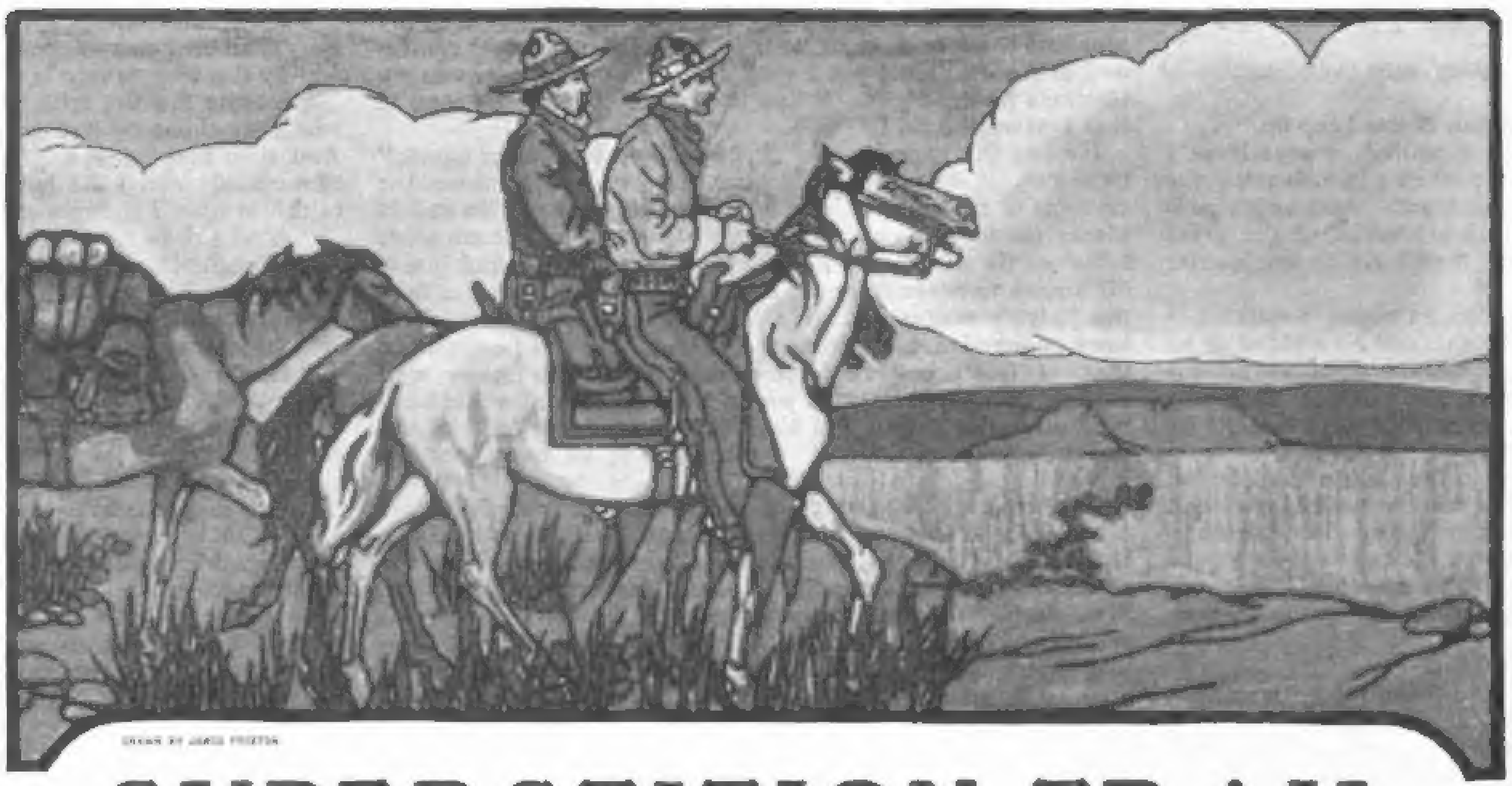
"I should never think of getting into that heavy, sticky sea-water if I weren't afraid of losing caste with our steward," he declared. "He wouldn't consider me respectable if I didn't. That's one of the disadvantages of an English boat. Now, on French and German ships I simply tell the steward that I hate cold water—that, in fact, I never bathe at all—and we're in perfect sympathy from the first. An Anglo-Saxon's attitude toward a bath is always annoying to me, anyhow. He's so fearful lest you won't realize that he's had one. 'Oh, I say—how did you enjoy your tub this morning?' No less than three Englishmen have said that to me already. An American, of course, leads up to the subject with infinitely more subtlety. I suppose you've noticed the number of Americans on board who can't get through a first conversation without dazzling you by the fact that they know a bathtub when they see one. Why, I can feel that cold bath coming sometimes ten minutes before it is actually alluded to."

But to go back—although Berri liked to tell me that a voyage of eight days is just the wrong length—that it enables you to find out only how plain and stupid people are, without discovering the sterling qualities many of them undoubtedly possess—I confess I enjoyed every minute of it, from early in the morning when I splashed into the blue water in the white porcelain tub (there—I've called attention to it, as Berri says everybody does!) until late at night when I took a turn around the wet, gusty deck after everybody had gone below, and the barefooted sailors were stacking chairs and getting ready to scrub. It was wonderful at that hour to feel your way in the dark out to the bow and then look back. You can't hear the engines out there; indeed, except for a sound far below you of water torn asunder and flung aside, the bow at night is silent. The ship's immensity glowing softly out of the dark—the dim figure pacing the bridge—the "lonely watcher" in his little turret away up where the black mast sways through the reeling stars—always gave me an overpowering sense of what a great ship is. But when I turned again and met nothing but spangled infinitude and the slender prow nosing blindly across that sullen, trackless waste, the Astoria became, all at once, no more than a windblown spark from one of her own funnels. Somehow I never could stay there very long alone; and now and then, when the bells rang behind me and the watch away above me sang out his long, sweet, "All-l-l-l's well-l-l-l," I used almost to shudder at his confidence.

During the day, however, one doesn't think of such things. It was all glittering blue and white, and polished brass, during the day. Even on the afternoon when the galley looked like the kitchen in Alice in Wonderland there wasn't a cloud in the sky, and the sea was a chaos of sapphire mountains, toppling and tumbling and flinging great ragged white crests at us along the wind. Our chairs were lashed (I like that word "lashed"—it sounds so nautical and perilous) to an iron rod running along the outside of the smoking-room, and there was a rope stretched the length of the deck that you clung to when you went down to meals. There were very few people, by the way, to take advantage of this; and I can't help feeling rather proud that mamma and Mildred and Berri and a pretty girl named Dexter and I were among them. When the screw would come rattling out of the water as if it meant to tear the whole stern of the boat off, mamma would lean back and sigh somewhat wistfully; but Berri's announcement that he had just seen a handsome sailor chase one of the girls in the steerage and kiss her, cheered her up considerably. She inferred that a sailor wouldn't choose a moment of real danger in which to indulge in a flirtation.

"I love a day like this," Berri exclaimed, poking his head out from under his rug and looking around. "There's so much more room on deck."

(*Concluded on Page 16*)



SUPERSTITION TRAIL

By Owen Wister

PART II

THUS we had actually come to change places; for early in the morning he had been firm while I was unnerved, while now it was I who attempted to steady and comfort him.

I had the sense to keep silent, and presently he shook my hand, not looking at me as he did so. He was always very shy of demonstration. And he took to patting the neck of his pony. "You Monte hawss," said he; "you think you are wise, but there's a lot of things you don't savvy." Then he made a new beginning of talk between us.

"It is kind of pitiful about Shorty."

"Very pitiful," I said.

"Do you know about him?" the Virginian asked.

"I know there's no real harm in him, and some real good, and that he has not got the brains necessary to be a horse thief."

"That's so. That's very true. Trampas has led him in deeper than his stature can stand. Now back East you can be middling and get along. But if you go to try a thing on in this Western country, you've got to do it *well*. You've got to deal cyards *well;* you've got to steal *well;* and if you claim to be quick with your gun, you must be quick, for you're a public temptation, and some man will not resist trying to prove he is quicker. You must break all the Commandments *well* in this Western country, and Shorty should have stayed in Brooklyn, for he will be a novice his livelong days. You don't know about him? He has told me his circumstances. He don't remember his father. And I expect his mother was not much interested in him. He ran around and when he was eighteen he got to be help to a grocery man. But a girl he ran with kept taking all his pay and teasing him for more, and so one day the grocery man caught Shorty robbing his till, and fired him. There wasn't no one to tell good-by to, for the girl had to go to the country to see her aunt, she said. So Shorty hung around the store, and kissed the grocery cat good-by. He'd been used to feeding the cat, and she'd sit in his lap and purr, he told me. He sends money back to that girl now. This hyeh country is no country for Shorty, for he will be a conspicuous novice all his days."

"Perhaps he'll prefer honesty after his narrow shave," I said.

But the Virginian shook his head. "Trampas has got hold of him."

The day was now all blue above, and all warm and dry beneath. We had begun to wind in and rise among the first slopes of the foothills, and we had talked ourselves into silence. At the first running water we made a long nooning, and I slept on the bare ground. My body was lodged so fast and deep in slumber that when the Virginian shook me awake I could not come back to life at once: it was the clump of cottonwoods, small and far out in the plain below us, that recalled me.

"It'll not be watching us much longer," said the Virginian. He made it a sort of joke; but I knew that both of us were glad when presently we rode into a steeper country, and among its folds and curvings lost all sight of the plain. He had not slept, I found. His explanation was that the packs needed better balancing, and after that he had gone up and down the stream on the chance of trout. But his haunted eyes gave me the real reason: they spoke of Steve, no matter what he spoke of; it was to be no short grief with him.

We did not make thirty-five miles that day, nor yet twenty-five, for he had let me sleep. We made an early camp and tried some unsuccessful fishing, over which he was cheerful, promising trout to-morrow when we should be higher among the mountains. He never again touched or came near the subject that was on his mind, but while I sat writing my diary he went off to his horse Monte, and I could hear that he occasionally talked to that friend.

Next day we swung southward from what is known to many as the Conant trail, and headed for that short cut through the Tetons which is known to but a few. Wolf Creek was the name of the stream we now followed, and here there was such good fishing that we idled; and the horses and I at least enjoyed ourselves. For they found fresh pastures, and shade in the now plentiful woods; and the mountain odors and the mountain heights were enough for me when the fish refused to rise. This road of ours now became the road which the pursuit had taken before the capture. Going along, I noticed the footprints of many hoofs, rain-blurred but recent, and these were the tracks of the people I had met in the stable.

"You can notice Monte's," said the Virginian. "He is the only one that has his hind feet shod. There's several trails from this point down to where we have come from."

We mounted now over a long slant of rock, smooth and of wide extent. Above us it went up easily into a little side cañon, but ahead, where our way was, it grew so steep that we got off and led our horses. This brought us to the next higher level of the mountain, a space of sage brush more open, where the rain-washed tracks appeared again in the softer ground.

"Some one has been here since the rain," I called to the Virginian, who was still on the rock, walking up behind the pack-horses.

"Since the rain!" he exclaimed. "That's not two days yet." He came and examined the footprints. "A man and a hawss," he said, frowning. "Going the same way we are. How did he come to pass us, and us not see him?"

"One of the other trails," I reminded him.

"Yes, but there's not many that knows them. They are pretty rough trails."

"Worse than this one we're taking?"

"Not much; only how does he come to know any of them? And why don't he take the Conant trail that's open and easy and not much longer? One man and a hawss. I don't see who he is or what he wants here."

"Probably a prospector," I suggested.

"Only one outfit of prospectors has ever been here, and they claimed there was no mineral-bearing rock in these parts."

We got back into our saddles with the mystery unsolved. To the Virginian it was a greater one, apparently, than to me; why should one have to account for every stray traveler in the mountains?

"That's queer, too," said the Virginian. He was now riding in front of me, and he stopped, looking down at the trail. "Don't you notice?"

It did not strike me.

"Why, he keeps walking beside his hawss; he don't get on him."

Now we, of course, had mounted at the beginning of the better trail after the steep rock, and that was quite half a mile back. Still, I had a natural explanation. "He's leading a pack-horse. He's a poor trapper, and walks."

"Pack-horses ain't usually shod before and behind," said the Virginian; and sliding to the ground he touched the footprints. "They are not four hours old," said he. "This bank's in shadow by one o'clock, and the sun has not cooked them dusty."

We continued on our way; and although it seemed no very particular thing to me that a man should choose to walk and lead his horse for a while — I often did so to limber my muscles — nevertheless I began to catch the Virginian's uncertain feeling about this traveler whose steps had appeared on our path in mid-journey, as if he had alighted from the mid-air; and to remind myself that he had come over the great face of rock from another trail and thus joined us, and that indigent trappers are to be found owning but a single horse and leading him with their belongings through the deepest solitudes of the mountains — none of this quite brought back to me the comfort which had been mine since we left the cottonwoods out of sight down in the plain. Hence I called out sharply, "What's the matter now?" when the Virginian suddenly stopped his horse again.

He looked down at the trail, and then he very slowly turned round in his sáddle and stared back steadily at me. "There's two of them," he said.

"Two what?"

"I don't know."

"You must know whether it's two horses or two men," I said, almost angrily.

But to this he made no answer, sitting quite still on his horse and contemplating the ground. The silence was fastening on me like a spell, and I spurred my horse impatiently forward to see for myself. The footprints of two men were there in the trail.

"What do you say to that?" said the Virginian. "Kind of ridiculous, ain't it?"

"Very quaint," I answered, groping for the explanation. There was no rock here to walk over and step from into the softer trail. These second steps came more out of the air than the first. And my brain played me the evil trick of showing me a dead man in a gray flannel shirt.

"It's two, you see, traveling with one hawss, and they take turns riding him."

"Why, of course!" I exclaimed; and we went along for a few paces.

"There you are," said the Virignian, as the trail proved him right. "Number one has got on. What's that?"

At a crashing in the woods very close to us we both flung round and caught sight of a vanishing elk.

It left us confronted, smiling a little, and sounding each other with our eyes. "Well, we didn't need him for meat," said the Virginian.

"A spike-horn, wasn't it?" said I.

"Yes, just a spike-horn."

For a while now as we rode we kept up a cheerful conversation about elk. We wondered if we should meet many more close to the trail like this; but it was not long before our words died away. We had come into a veritable gulf of mountain peaks, sharp at their bare summits like teeth, holding fields of snow lower down, and glittering still in full day up there, while down among our pines and parks the afternoon was growing sombre. All the while the fresh hoofprints of the horse and the fresh footprints of the man preceded us. In the trees and in the opens, across the levels and up the steeps, they were there. And so they were not four hours old! Were they so much? Might we not, round some turn, come upon the makers of them? I began to watch for this. And again my brain played me an evil trick, against which I found myself actually reasoning thus: If they took turns riding, then walking must tire them as it did me or any man. And besides, there was a horse. With such thoughts I combated the fancy that those footprints were being made immediately in front of us all the while, and that they were the only sign of any presence which our eyes could see. But my fancy overcame my thoughts. It was shame only which held me from asking this question of the Virginian: Had one horse served in both cases of Justice down at the cottonwoods? I wondered about this. One horse — or had the strangling nooses dragged two saddles empty at the same signal? Most likely; and therefore these people up here — Was I going back to the nursery? I brought myself up short. And I told myself to be steady: there lurked in this brain process which was going on beneath my reason a threat worse than the childish apprehensions it created. I reminded myself that I was a man grown, twenty-five years old, and that I must not merely seem like one, but feel like one. "You're not afraid of the dark, I suppose!" This I uttered aloud unwittingly.

"What's that?" I started; but it was only the Virginian behind me. "Oh, nothing. The air is colder up here."

I had presently a great relief. We came to a place where again this trail mounted so abruptly that we once more got off to lead our horses. So likewise had our predecessors done; and as I watched the two different sets of bootprints I observed something and hastened to speak of it.

"One man is much heavier than the other."

Editor's Note — This two-part story was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of last week.

"I was hoping I'd not have to tell you that," said the Virginian.

"You're always ahead of me! Well, still my education is progressing."

"Why, yes. You'll equal an Injun if you keep on."

It was good to be facetious; and I smiled to myself as I trudged upward. We came off the steep place, leaving the cañon beneath us, and took to horseback. And as we proceeded over the final gentle slant up to the rim of the great basin that was set among the peaks, the Virginian was jocular once more.

"Pounds has got on," said he, "and Ounces is walking."

I glanced over my shoulder at him, and he nodded as he fixed the weather-beaten crimson handkerchief round his neck. Then he threw a stone at a pack animal that was delaying on the trail. "D—— your buckskin hide," he drawled. "You can view the scenery from the top."

He was so natural, sitting loose in the saddle and cursing in his gentle voice, that I laughed to think what visions I had been harboring. The two dead men riding one horse through the mountains vanished, and I came back to every day.

"Do you think we'll catch up with those people?" I asked.

"Not likely. They're traveling about the same gait we are."

"Ounces ought to be the best walker."

"Up hill, yes. But Pounds will go down a-foggin'."

We gained the rim of the basin. It lay below us, a great cup of country; rocks, woods, opens and streams. The tall peaks rose like spires around it, magnificent and bare in the last of the sun; and we surveyed this upper world, letting our animals get breath. Our bleak crumbled rim ran like a rampart between the towering tops, a half circle of five miles or six, very wide in some parts, and in some shrinking to a scanty foothold, as here. Here our trail crossed over it between two eroded and fantastic shapes of stone, like mushrooms, or misshapen heads on pikes. Banks of snow spread up here against the black rocks; but half an hour would see us descended to the green and the woods. I looked down, both of us looked down, but our forerunners were not there.

"They'll be camping somewhere in this basin, though," said the Virginian, staring at the dark pines. "They have not come this trail by accident."

A cold little wind blew down between our stone shapes, and upward again, eddying. And round a corner upward with it came fluttering a leaf of newspaper, and caught against an edge close to me.

"What's the latest?" inquired the Virginian from his horse. For I had dismounted, and had picked up the leaf.

"Seems to be inter-esting," I next heard him say. "Can't you tell a man what's making your eyes bug out so?"

"Yes," my voice replied to him, and it sounded like some stranger speaking lightly near by; "oh, yes! Decidedly interesting." My voice mimicked his pronunciation. "It's quite the latest, I imagine. You had better read it yourself." And I handed it to him with a smile, watching his countenance, while my brain felt as if clouds were rushing through it.

I saw his eyes quietly run the headings over. "Well?" he inquired, after scanning it on both sides. "I don't seem to catch the excitement. Fremont County is going to hold elections. I see they claim Jake——"

"It's mine," I cut him off. "My own paper. Those are my pencil marks."

I do not think that a microscope could have discerned a change in his face. "Oh," he commented, holding the paper, and fixing it with a critical eye. "You mean this is the one you lent Steve and he wanted to give me to give back to you. And so them are your own marks." For a moment more he held it judicially, as I have seen men hold a contract upon whose terms they were finally passing. "Well, you have got it back now, anyway." And he handed it to me.

"Only a piece of it!" I exclaimed, always lightly. And as I took it from him his hand chanced to touch mine. It was cold as ice.

"They ain't through readin' the rest," he explained easily. "Don't you throw it away! After they've taken such trouble."

"That's true," I answered. "I wonder if it's Pounds or Ounces I'm indebted to!"

Thus we made further merriment as we rode down into the great basin. Before us, the horse and boot tracks showed plain in the soft slough where melted snow ran half the day.

"If it's a paper chase," said the Virginian, "they'll drop no more along here."

"Unless it gets dark," said I.

"We'll camp before that. Maybe we'll see their fire."

We did not see their fire. We descended in the chill silence, while the mushroom rocks grew far and the sombre woods approached. By a stream we got off where two banks sheltered us; for a bleak wind cut down over the crags now and then, making the pines send out a great note through the basin, like breakers in a heavy sea. But we made cozy in the tent. We pitched the tent this night, and I was glad to have it shut out the mountain peaks. They showed above the banks where we camped; and in the starlight their black shapes rose stark against the sky. They, with the pines and the wind, were a bedroom too unearthly this night; and as soon as our supper dishes were washed we went inside to our lantern and our game of cribbage.

"This is snug," said the Virginian as we played. "That wind don't get down here."

"Smoking is snug, too," said I. And we marked our points for an hour, with no words save about the cards.

"I'll be pretty near glad when we get out of these mountains," said the Virginian. "They're most too big."

The pines had altogether ceased; but their silence was as tremendous as their roar had been.

"I don't know, though," he resumed. "There's times when the plains can be terrible big, too."

Presently we finished a hand, and he said: "Let me see that paper."

He sat reading it apparently through, while I arranged my blankets to make a warm bed. Then, since the paper continued to absorb him, I got myself ready, and slid between my blankets for the night. "You'll need another candle soon in that lantern," said I.

He put the paper down. "I would do it all over again," he began. "The whole thing just the same. He knowed the customs of the country, and he played the game. No call to blame me for the customs of the country. You leave other folks' cattle alone, or you take the consequences, and it was all known to Steve from the start. Would he have me take the judge's wages and give him the wink? He must have been changed a heap from the Steve I knew if he expected that. I don't believe he expected that. He knew well enough the only thing that would have let him off would have been a regular jury. For the thieves have got hold of the juries in Johnson County. I would do it all over, just the same."

The expiring flame leaped in the lantern and fell blue. He broke off in his words as if to arrange the light, but did not, sitting silent instead, just visible, and seeming to watch the death struggle of the flame. I could find nothing to say to him; and I believed he was now winning his way back to serenity by himself. He kept his outward man so nearly natural that I forgot about that cold touch of his hand, and never guessed how far out from reason the tide of emotion was even now whirling him. "I remember at Cheyenne onced," he resumed. And he told me of a Thanksgiving visit to town that he had made with Steve. "We was just colts then," he said. He dwelt on their coltish doings, their adventures sought and wrought in the perfect fellowship of youth. "For Steve and me most always hunted in couples back in them gamesome years," he explained. And he fell into such elemental talk as would be an elk's or tiger's; and spoken so by him, simply and naturally, as we speak of the seasons, or of death, or of any actuality, it was without offense. But it would be offense should I repeat it. Then, abruptly ending these memories of himself and Steve, he went out of the tent, and I heard him dragging a log to the fire. When it had blazed up, there on the tent wall was his shadow and that of the log where he sat with his half-broken heart. And all the while I supposed he was master of himself, and self-justified against Steve's omission to bid him good-by.

I must have fallen asleep before he returned for I remember nothing except waking and finding him in his blankets beside me. The fire shadow was gone, and gray, cold light was dimly on the tent. He slept restlessly and his forehead was ploughed by lines of pain. While I looked at him he began to mutter, and suddenly started up with violence. "No!" he cried out; "no! Just the same!" and thus wakened himself, staring. "What's the matter?" he demanded. He was slow in getting back to where we were; and full consciousness found him sitting up with his eyes fixed on mine. They were more haunted than they had been at all, and his next speech came straight from his dream. "Maybe you'd better quit me. This ain't your trouble."

I laughed. "Why, what is the trouble?"

His eyes still intently fixed on mine. "Do you think if we changed our trail we could lose them from us?"

I was framing a jocose reply about Ounces being a good walker, when the sound of hoofs rushing in the distance stopped me, and he ran out of the tent with his rifle. When I followed with mine he was up the bank, and all his powers alert. But nothing came out of the dimness save our three stampeded horses. They crashed over fallen timber and across the open to where their picketed comrade grazed at the end of his rope. By him they came to a stand, and told him, I suppose, what they had seen; for all four now faced in the same direction, looking away into the mysterious dawn. We likewise stood peering, and my rifle barrel felt cold in my hand. The dawn was all we saw, the inscrutable dawn, coming and coming through the black pines and the gray open of the basin. There above lifted the peaks, no sun yet on them, and behind us our stream made a little tinkling.

"A bear, I suppose," said I at length.

His strange look fixed me again, and then his eyes went to the horses. "They smell things we can't smell," said he, very slowly. "Will you prove to me they don't see things we can't see?"

A chill shot through me, and I could not help a frightened glance where we had been watching. But one of the horses began to graze, and I had a wholesome thought. "He's tired of whatever he sees, then," said I pointing.

A smile came for a moment in the Virginian's face. "Must be a poor show," he observed. All the horses were grazing now, and he added: "It ain't hurt their appetites any."

We made our own breakfast then. And what uncanny dread I may have been touched with up to this time henceforth left me in the face of a real alarm. The shock of Steve was working upon the Virginian. He was aware of it himself; he was fighting it with all his might; and he was being overcome. He was indeed like a gallant swimmer against whom both wind and tide have conspired. And in this now foreboding solitude there was only myself to throw him ropes. His strokes for safety were as bold as was the undertow that ceaselessly annulled them.

"I reckon I made a fuss in the tent?" said he, feeling his way with me.

I threw him a rope. "Yes. Nightmare—indigestion—too much newspaper before retiring."

He caught the rope. "That's correct! I had a —— of a foolish dream for a growed-up man. You'd not think it of me."

"Oh, yes, I should. I've had them after prolonged lobster and champagne."

"Ah," he murmured, "prolonged! Prolonged is what does it." He glanced around behind him. "Steve came back ——"

"In your lobster dream," I put in.

But he missed this rope. "Yes," he answered with his eyes searching me. "And he handed me the paper——"

"By the way, where is that?" I asked.

"I built the fire with it. But when I took it from him it was a six-shooter I had hold of, and pointing at my breast. And then Steve spoke. 'Do you think you're fit to live?' Steve said; and I got hot at him, and I reckon I must have told him what I thought of him. You heard me, I expect?"

"Glad I didn't. Your language sometimes is——"

He laughed out. "Oh, I account for all this that's happening just like you do. If we gave our explanations they'd be pretty near twins."

"The horses saw a bear, then?"

"Maybe a bear. Maybe"—but here the tide caught him again—"What's your idea about dreams?"

My ropes were all out. "Liver—nerves," was the best I could do.

But now he swam strongly by himself.

"You may think I'm discreditable," he said. "But I *know* I am. It ought to take more than—well, men have lost their friendships before. Feuds and wars has cloven a right smart of bonds in twain. And if my haid is going to get shook by a little old piece of newspaper—I'm ashamed I burned that. I'm ashamed to have been that weak."

"Any man gets unstrung," I told him. My ropes had become straws; and I strove to frame some policy for the next hours.

We now finished breakfast and set forth to catch the horses. As we drove them in I found that the Virginian was telling me a ghost story. "At half-past three in the morning she saw her runaway daughter standing with a babe in her arms; but when she moved it was all gone. Later they found it was the very same hour the young mother died in Nogales. And she sent for the child and raised it herself. I knowed them both back home. Do you believe that?"

I said nothing.

"No more do I believe it," he asserted. "And see here! Nogales time is three hours different from Richmond. I didn't know about that point then."

Once out of these mountains, I knew he could right himself; but even I, who had no Steve to dream about, felt this silence of the peaks was preying on me.

"Her daughter and her might have been thinkin' mighty hard about each other just then," he pursued. "But Steve is dead. Finished. You cert'nly don't believe there's anything more?"

"I wish I could," I told him.

"No, I'm satisfied. Heaven didn't never interest me much. But if there was a world of dreams after you went——" He stopped himself and turned his searching eyes away from mine. "There's a heap o' darkness wherever you try to step," he said, "and I thought I'd left off wasting thoughts on the subject. You see"—he dexterously roped a horse, and once more his splendid sanity was turned to gold by his imagination—"I expect in many growed-up men you'd call sensible there's a little boy sleepin'—the little kid they onced was—that still keeps his fear of the dark. You mentioned the dark yourself yesterday. Well, this experience has woke up that kid in me, and blamed if I can coax the little cuss to go to sleep again! I keep a-telling him daylight will sure come, but he keeps a-crying and holding on to me."

Somewhere far in the basin there was a faint sound, and we stood still.

"Hush!" he said.

But it was like our watching the dawn; nothing more followed.

"They have shot that bear," I remarked.

He did not answer, and we put the saddles on without talk. We made no haste, but we were not over half an hour, I suppose, in getting off with the packs. It was not a new thing to hear a shot where wild game was in plenty; yet as we rode that shot sounded already in my mind different from others. Perhaps I should not believe this to-day but for what I look back to. To make camp last night we had turned off the trail, and now followed the stream down for a while, taking next a cut through the woods. In this way we came upon the tracks of our horses where they had been galloping back to camp after their fright. They had kicked up the damp and matted pine needles very plainly all along.

"Nothing has been here but themselves, though," said I.

"And they ain't showing signs of remembering any scare," said the Virginian.

In a little while we emerged upon an open.

"Here's where they was grazing," said the Virginian; and the signs were clear enough. "Here's where they must have got their scare," he pursued. "You stay with them while I circle a little." So I stayed; and certainly our animals were very calm at visiting this scene. When you bring a horse back to where he has recently encountered a wild animal his ears and his nostrils are apt to be wide awake.

The Virginian had stopped, and was beckoning to me.

"Here's your bear," said he, as I arrived. "Two-legged, you see. And he had a hawss of his own." There was a stake driven where an animal had been picketed for the night.

"Looks like Ounces," I said, considering the bootprints.

"It's Ounces. And Ounces wanted another hawss very bad, so him and Pounds could travel like gentlemen should."

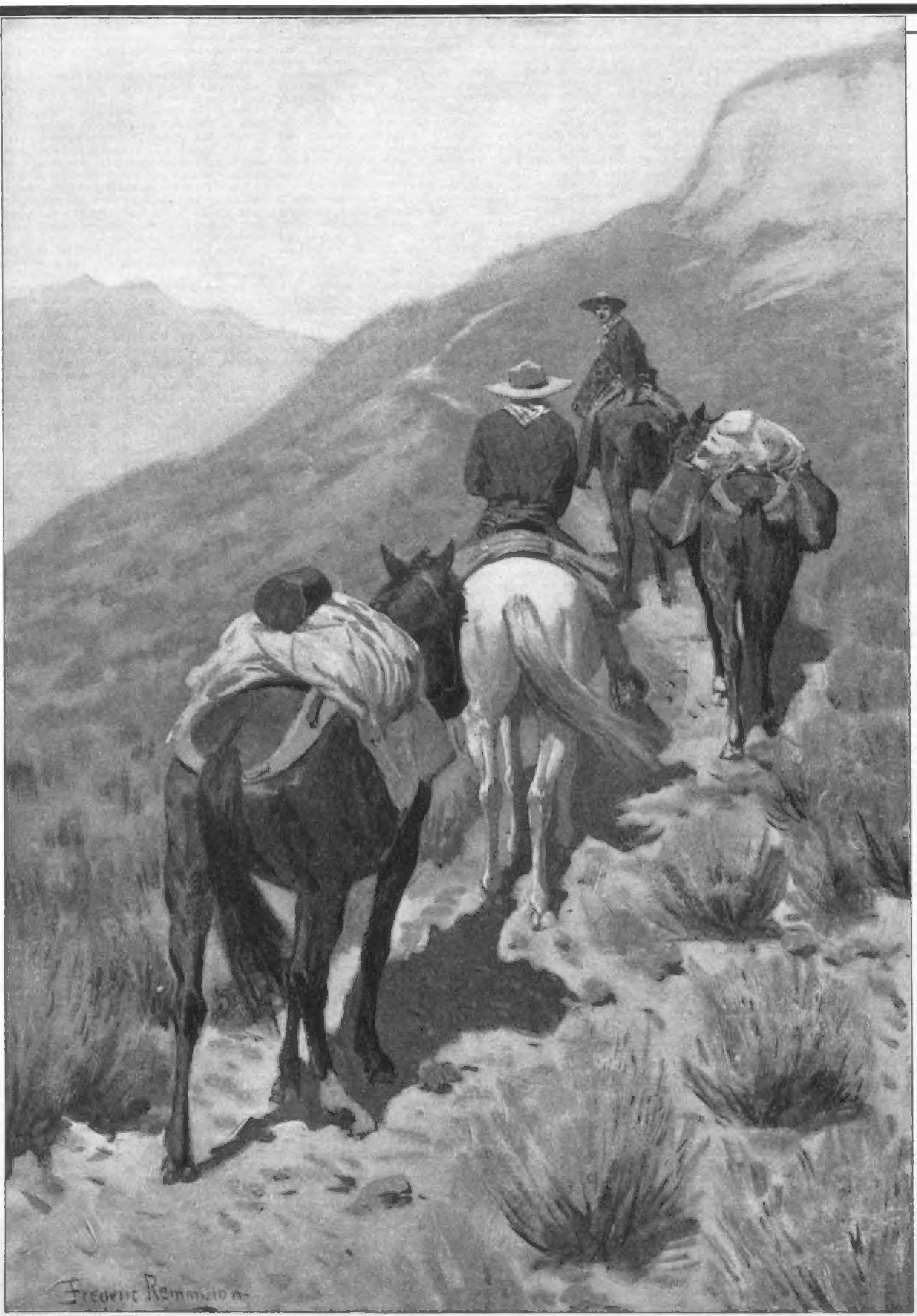
"But Pounds doesn't seem to have been with him."

"Oh, Pounds he was making coffee, somewheres in yonder, when this happened. Neither of them guessed there'd be other hawsses wandering here in the night, or they both would have come." He turned back to our pack animals.

"Then you'll not hunt for this camp to make sure?"

"I prefer making sure first. We might be expected at that camp."

He took out his rifle from beneath his leg and set it across his saddle at half-cock. I did the same; and thus cautiously we resumed our journey in a slightly different direction. "This ain't all we're going to find out," said the Virginian.


Frederic Remington

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

Then he very slowly turned round in his saddle and stared back steadily at me. "There's two of them," he said.

"Ounces had a good idea; but I reckon he made a bad mistake later."

We had found out a good deal without any more, I thought. Ounces had gone to bring in their single horse, and coming upon three more in the pasture had undertaken to catch one and failed, merely driving them where he feared to follow.

"Shorty never could rope a horse alone," I remarked.

The Virginian grinned. "Shorty? Well, Shorty sounds as well as Ounces. But that ain't the mistake I'm thinking he made."

I knew that he would not tell me, but that was just like him. For the last twenty minutes, having something to do, he had become himself again, had come to earth from that unsafe country of the brain where beckoned a spectral Steve. No sign of his struggle was left, save in his eyes that question which pain had set there; and I wondered if his friend of old, who seemed so brave and amiable, would have dealt him that hurt at the solemn end had he known what a poisoned wound it would be.

We came out on a ridge from which we could look down. "You always want to ride on high places when there's folks around whose intentions ain't been declared," said the Virginian. And we went along our ridge for some distance. Then suddenly he turned down and guided us almost at once to the trail. "That's it," he said. "See?"

The track of a horse was very fresh on the trail. But it was a galloping horse now, and no bootprints were keeping up with it any more. No boots could have kept up with it. The rider was making time to-day. Yesterday that horse had been ridden up into the mountains at leisure. Who was on him? There was never to be any certain answer to that. But who was not on him? We turned back in our journey, back into the heart of that basin with the tall peaks all rising like teeth in the cloudless sun, and the snowfields shining white.

"He was afraid of us," said the Virginian. "He did not know how many of us had come up here. Three hawsses might mean a dozen more around."

We followed the backward trail in among the pines, and came after a time upon their camp. And then I understood the mistake that Shorty had made. He had returned after his failure, and had told that other man of the presence of new horses. He should have kept that a secret; for haste had to be made at once, and two cannot get away quickly upon one horse. But it was poor Shorty's last blunder. He lay there by their extinct fire, with his wistful, lost-dog face upward, and his thick yellow hair unparted as it had always been. The murder had been done from behind. We closed the eyes.

"There was no natural harm in him," said the Virginian. "But you must do a thing well in this country."

There was not a trace, not a clue, of the other man; and we found a place where we could soon cover Shorty with earth. As we lifted him we saw the newspaper that he had been reading. He had brought it from the clump of cottonwoods where he and the other man had made a later visit than ours to be sure of the fate of their friends — or possibly in hopes of another horse. Evidently when the party were surprised they had been able to escape with only one. All of the newspaper was there save the leaf I had picked up — all and more, for this had pencil-writing on it that was not mine, nor did I at first take it in. I thought it might be a clue, and I read it aloud. "Good-by, Jeff," it said. "I could not have spoke to you without playing the baby."

"Who's Jeff?" I asked. But it came over me when I looked at the Virginian. He was standing beside me quite motionless; and then he put out his hand and took the paper, and still stood looking at the words. "Steve used to call me Jeff," he said; "because I was Southern, I reckon. Nobody else ever did."

He slowly folded the message from the dead, brought by the dead, and rolled it in the coat behind his saddle. For half a minute he stood leaning his forehead down against the saddle. After this he came back and contemplated Shorty's face a while. "I wish I could thank him," he said. "I wish I could."

We carried Shorty over and covered him with earth, and on that laid a few pine branches; then we took up our journey, and by the end of the forenoon we had gone some distance upon our trail through the Teton Mountains. But in front of us the hoofprints ever held their stride of haste, drawing farther from us through the hours, until by the next afternoon somewhere we noticed they were no longer to be seen; and after that they never came upon the trail again.

* * *

Mr. Cleveland's Unique Position

EX-PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND occupies a unique position. Unlike any other man in our history, it can be said of him that he is at the same time not only our single ex-President, but the only man living who was ever elected to the Presidency, and also the only man who was ever chosen to return to the Presidential chair after having been absent from it for four years.

Our first two Presidents, Washington and John Adams, each enjoyed in turn the distinction of being the only man living chosen by the people for the office of President, but it was many years before any other statesman could claim the same distinction.

When John Quincy Adams was inaugurated, in 1825, there were four Presidents living — John Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe.

When Van Buren, whose record in some respects parallels that of Grover Cleveland, was inaugurated, in 1837, John Quincy Adams and Jackson were still alive. When Tyler, the first Vice-President to take the Presidential chair on the death of the Chief Magistrate, was inaugurated, John Quincy Adams, Jackson and Van Buren were all living.

When Fillmore, on the death of President Taylor, assumed the chair, Mr. Van Buren was the only man living who had been chosen to the high office by the votes of the people, and, in that particular, his position was exactly like that of Grover Cleveland at present.

When Pierce was inaugurated, in 1853, Van Buren was the only ex-President living who had been elected to the Chief Magistracy.

When Lincoln was inaugurated there were three elected ex-Presidents living, Van Buren, Buchanan and Pierce; and when Andrew Johnson took the chair, on the assassination of Lincoln, Pierce and Buchanan were still alive, but Van Buren, who had lived through so many terms, was dead.

General Grant, inaugurated in 1869, came close to being then the only man living who had been elected to the Presidency, for Franklin Pierce was the only other one then alive. Pierce died later in 1869, leaving Grant the only one. Both Fillmore and Johnson, Vice-Presidents by succession, died while Grant was President. For almost all of his two terms Grant was the only man living who had ever been elected President.

When Arthur succeeded at the death of Garfield both Hayes and Grant were alive. When Grover Cleveland was first inaugurated, in 1885, both Grant and Hayes were still living, but Grant died a few months after the inauguration, and Hayes died two months before Cleveland's second inauguration, in 1893.

Although, therefore, the record of Grover Cleveland is matched in most of its points by that of one President or another, he stands unique in being the only man who combines in his own record so many unusual features, and, as has been said, he is the only man ever elected for the second time after a term of years. His is a unique figure in our history.

Publicity and the Trusts—By William E. Mason

United States Senator from Illinois

THE Fathers who framed our Constitution did not dream that a time would come when one gentleman, cruising in his private yacht, would, by reason of a disturbance in his stomach, raise the cost of sugar for 70,000,000 of his fellow-countrymen; therefore it is left to the sons of our country's Fathers calmly and dispassionately to take hold of the problem involved in this remarkable transaction. Personally I am of the opinion that the root of the problem cannot be reached except by a uniform law, and from experience we know that a uniform law can only be passed by the National Congress.

The Trust question is not at all a new one. It has been agitating the public mind for more than twenty years. Indeed, the protest against great individual corporations twenty-five or thirty years ago was the beginning of the present protest against the Trust. The great question to be solved for the future is that of coöperation versus competition. The Trust is a corporation based upon the idea that the more you make of an article the cheaper you can make it, and if the producers who have gone into combinations and Trusts had been willing to share with the consumer a reasonable part of the savings effected by combination, the feeling now so strong against the Trust would not be abroad in the land.

Mainly, therefore, the trouble has been that, the moment combination has effected a decrease in the cost of production, the combine, instead of sharing the fruits of its economy with the consumer, has in many cases advanced the cost of the product to the latter as soon as it became able to control the supply.

That the State has power to regulate and control the corporation and the Trust is a well-settled principle of law. The legislatures of the several States fix the rates of tariff on the transportation of passengers and freight, and the Supreme Court of the United States, in the celebrated decision of the Munn-Scott case, ruled that Munn and Scott were simply grain warehousemen and owned private elevators. The Legislature of Illinois declared all such elevators to be public elevators and fixed a maximum rate for the storage of grain. The Supreme Court of Illinois held that although the elevator was private property it stood in the gateway of commerce, and that the legislature had a right to declare it public, and, having declared it public, that it had a right to fix the charges.

This decision was sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States, and is the basis of my proposition that when any person, corporation, combination or Trust has a practical monopoly on anything which the public requires for its use, the rates charged for it may be governed and controlled by the State from which the corporation derives its existence and powers. This is one step in advance of the common law, on which are based the rulings heretofore had. For instance: the cabman has his rate fixed by law because he benefits by a public franchise and uses the streets of the municipality; the ferryman has his rate fixed because even he is given a monopoly within certain limits of the river.

The original case upon which I base the latter statement and argument is that the miller had his rate of toll fixed by the State although he owned the mill and it was his private property. In spite of this clear private title, statutes were passed and upheld fixing the rates of toll that he might charge for grinding grain, because he used as his power the waters of the country.

I can recommend no better, sounder and more practical reading regarding Trusts than the message of President McKinley on that subject.

Having seen the dangers of Trusts and combinations, the practical question which faces us now is how to avert them without hysteria! Each State has power to regulate its corporations, and this can be done through the taxing power of the State, when the public good so demands, even though in some cases the taxation shall amount to condemnation of the property. This power can be exercised almost without limit. But each State is embarrassed at the threshold of legislation by the danger that its enactments may hamper such of its industries as have organized into Trusts, and may thereby place them in unfair and unjust position for competition with similar industries of sister States where equally embarrassing restrictions do not obtain.

Let us suppose, for example, that each of these combinations exercises a practical monopoly in the territory which the natural law of transportation puts within its grasp. But the moment Illinois hampers its industries of a Trust character by legislation less liberal than that under which its New Jersey competitors operate, then this advantage enables the latter to overcome the natural law and limitations of transportation and invade the territory of our own manufacturers to their injury.

The real solution of this problem, so it seems to me, is that a law be passed which shall uniformly apply in all States, and affect all combinations, Trusts and communities alike. The only way to have a uniform law is to have a national law, and the only way to have a national law is to permit an amendment to the Constitution giving Congress a power which it does not now possess. By the Constitution of the United States the power to regulate the internal affairs of the various States is explicitly left to the States individually. There is only one law in exception to this rule which Congress is empowered to enact — that is, the law of bankruptcy. The laws for the collection of notes and bills, the laws of divorce, the laws of forcible detainer, differ in the various States.

Congress has not been wholly indifferent to the Trust question and has taken some steps looking toward national legislation on this subject. What is known as the Babcock Amendment was a step in this direction. This contemplated the removal of all protective tariff duties from goods manufactured and sold in this country by a Trust. At that time I was inclined to favor this movement, and I wrote an article commending it and introduced in the House of Representatives the first resolution on the subject. This provided for an investigation of the effect of the protective tariff on Trusts.

The committee spent much time in research and considerable money in the employment of special counsel to prosecute the inquiry. But it devoted its attention mainly to Trusts like the Standard Oil, the products of which were not protected by the tariff law and were consequently not affected by its provisions.

As a consistent Protectionist, it seems doubtful to me if we should endanger our industries by subjecting them to foreign competition and in that way confess to the world that we have not genius or brains enough to regulate our Trusts without destroying them by foreign competition. The Protectionist party in the last Congress looked forward to a uniform law, as I have suggested, and asked for an amendment to the Constitution so that a uniform regulation might be made equally affecting all combinations and Trusts in all States. Every member of the Protectionist party voted for it, but as it requires a two-thirds vote of both Houses of Congress to submit an amendment of the Constitution to the people, and then requires two-thirds of the votes cast in all the States to adopt it, all may readily see that when this is made a party question it can never be carried. Probably no single party will ever have a President in the White House and at the same time control both branches of Congress by a two-thirds majority; and it is equally improbable that any party will ever be able to carry two-thirds of the States of the Union. Therefore, we may sum up the situation in a few words by saying that the question has *risen above partisanship and parties.* It has, I think, reached the *upper level of patriotism*, and I hope that the coming Congress, being so far away from the coming Presidential election, will therefore feel itself so removed from the exigencies of active partisanship that it may at least submit to the people the question: Shall Congress have the power to make a fair regulation of these great interests, dealing justly by them and protecting all the interests of the people?

One of the first things that will be done by Congress when given such power will be to say to the corporation, combine or Trust:

"First: Since you get your power and existence from the people, the people are your creators and must control you along equitable lines in their own interests.

"Second: When you have an absolute monopoly on the supply of any product you must give to the consumer — that is, the people — a fair share of the profits which the people have enabled you to make by giving you life.

"Third: The only way this result can be effected with justice to you and with safety to the people, is that the people, who give you existence and who claim a fair share of the benefits which they gave you, be given opportunity to know absolutely how much you have been able to save by this law of coöperation; they must have power to ascertain this without let or hindrance. Then the courts will determine, as they did in the railway and warehouse cases, what is your just share of the profits and what share should in fairness go to the people themselves."

Regulation can only be reached by compulsory publicity.

Tales of Old Turley—By Max Adeler

Copyright, 1901, by Charles Heber Clark. Copyright in Great Britain

CAPTAIN BLUITT ATTEMPTS TO PEER INTO THE FUTURE

CAPTAIN ELIJAH BLUITT, retired mariner, sat by his library table, beneath the lamp, reading an English translation of Cicero, and upon the other side of the table Miss Puella, his sister, was busy stitching a garment for the Dorcas society at the church.

For a time neither spoke, but, after a while, Captain Bluitt turned the open book over upon the table, and rubbing his eyes, weary with much reading, said:

"Puella, do you believe in haruspication?"

"What's that? I don't understand you."

"Haruspication; I say do you believe in it?"

"I don't know. It's not in our Catechism. The Episcopalians believe in it, I think."

"You don't understand me," said the Captain. "Do you know what haruspication is?"

"Not exactly; something about bishops, isn't it? Or total depravity or something?"

"No. Haruspication is the science of foretelling events by observing the interior parts of animals, chiefly chickens. It is not much in use in our times."

"I should think not! Why, brother, how perfectly absurd!"

"It strikes you that way, does it?"

"Of course."

"Well, maybe you're right. I guess you are; but I am trying to keep my mind open about it."

"But, brother, it is simply impossible for you to believe that we can predict future occurrences by examining the organs of chickens! I never heard such nonsense."

"It does seem unlikely, doesn't it? Why should the internal arrangements of a pullet have any bearing, for example—well, let us say on the late war with Mexico? It's hardly reasonable, is it?—and yet some of the wisest of the ancient Romans believed it."

"How could they know about the war with Mexico?"

"You misunderstand me. I mean they believed that by inspecting a fowl in that manner they could tell how *any* war would turn out—who would win."

"No Roman with good sense ever thought so."

"Yes, here's Cicero," said the Captain, taking up the book; "he says that 'Nearly every one has recourse to the organs of animals,' and that 'Our own countrymen have never undertaken any martial enterprise without inspection of organs.'"

"Did Cicero actually believe such stuff?"

"I haven't read far enough to find out; but I have a notion he did. Let me read you what the man says: 'The presages which we deduce from examination of a victim's organs are founded upon the accurate observations of many centuries.' Then he goes on to say that Flaminius, in the second Punic War, was about to move his army against Hannibal, when the augur insisted that he should first consult the consecrated chickens. Think of that, Puella! Consecrated chickens!"

"Did he do it?"

"I think so."

"Well, who beat?"

"Cicero doesn't say. I'll have to look that up. But notice that everybody seems to have practiced haruspication, and those Romans were the smartest people the world ever saw—the very smartest."

"I don't care how smart they were, I'll never believe such foolishness."

"He mentions also," said Captain Bluitt, turning over the leaves of the book, "that a little before Cæsar's death, the first time Cæsar sat on his golden throne, the ox that was sacrificed had no heart, and the second ox, sacrificed the next day, had no liver."

"What did that mean?"

"Why, that Cæsar was going to be killed."

"How ridiculous! An ox couldn't live without a heart?"

"Cicero remarks that 'We must suppose the organ to have been annihilated by Providence at the very instant the sacrifice was offered.' That's the way he accounts for it."

"That doesn't account for it to me."

"But the heart seems to have been considered not so important as some of the other organs. In the case of consecrated chickens the condition of the gall was regarded as the most significant of the indications."

"What did it signify?"

"Well, Cicero isn't perfectly clear; but he says everybody knew there was trouble ahead—or words to that effect—if you found a cleft in the chicken's liver. Seems queer, doesn't it?"

"It would be queer if it were true."

"And then, it appears that there were other ways of foretelling events. One was by watching the flight of birds and another was by observing thunderstorms. I wish I knew how they worked the system."

"Why, it didn't work; that was the way."

"Well, then, how they thought it worked. For instance, what kind of a thing did a thunderstorm indicate when it came up in a particular kind of way. All thunderstorms seem about alike to me."

"And to me."

"Suppose, for instance, a cleft in a chicken-liver, on a given day in Rome, meant that there would be a fire or a flood the next day; what I want to know is, what would a cleft in a chicken-liver in Turley mean to-morrow? I wish Cicero had given the rules."

"Just for curiosity's sake?"

"Yes, of course."

Then Captain Bluitt was silent for a few moments while Miss Bluitt sewed. At last he said:

"Puella, you know I'm going away on Saturday to attend that lawsuit in New York, and I won't be home for a month or more."

"Well?"

"And the election comes off on Tuesday, just after I am gone."

"Yes."

"I would like mighty well to know how that election is going."

"I will write to you at once."

"Yes, of course; but I mean beforehand; about Rufus. It can't be possible that the people will put that blockhead of a hired man of ours into the School Board."

"No."

"I wish I knew. Not that it makes any great difference, but I am curious about it."

Then Captain Bluitt fell silent again. He glanced at his sister and finally he said:

"Puella."

"Well?"

"I am going to propose something a little bit unusual. Maybe you'll say it is ridiculous. But do you know I have half a notion to try how that chicken-liver business will work with Rufus? Now don't make fun of it!"

"You're not actually going to be so foolish?"

"Oh, well, I admit that it's foolish. I have no faith in it, of course. But the Romans were not foolish people. They must have had *some* ground for believing in it. Cicero, you know, said that it was founded on accurate observations made for centuries. I'd like to see if there is anything in it, one way or the other."

"It is a great pity to waste a good chicken on such nonsense."

"You needn't waste it. We will have it for dinner. And Puella——"

"Well?"

"Mind you don't say anything to Doctor Frobisher about it, or he'll hunt up a text and write a sermon against that sort of thing."

"It *is* heathenish."

"Very well! But it's harmless. No man can do permanent injury to any sound church organization by inspecting the inside of a chicken. I'm going to try it to-morrow, anyhow."

In the morning Captain Bluitt, resolute to make a venture into the unknown regions of haruspication, directed Rufus to catch a hen and decapitate it.

These operations having been successfully performed Captain Bluitt took the fowl into the woodshed, carefully closing and bolting the door.

He remained within for a considerable length of time, and then, unbolting the door, he reappeared and, going into the house, washed his hands.

As he entered the library, where Miss Bluitt sat sewing, he seemed flushed and warm; but he tried to look cheerful.

"How did it turn out?" asked his sister.

"Oh, well! I'm not much used to that kind of thing, and of course I don't really know what the rules are."

"Was there anything peculiar about the chicken?"

"Not so very peculiar. The gizzard seemed to me to be just a little unusual; but I'm not perfectly certain."

"No cleft in the liver?"

"Not that I could see. It looked about as livers ought to look, I should think."

"Then you've lost your faith in Cicero?"

"You really can't say I had faith in him; not faith. I just wanted to look into the theory a little."

"And you reached no conclusions?"

"Well, Puella, not exactly conclusions; not what you would call final conclusions; just impressions."

"What kind of impressions?"

"I know you will think it absurd, but do you know, Puella, there really was something about the appearance of that chicken that forced into my mind the idea that Rufus will be defeated?"

"What was the appearance?"

"I don't know. Nothing in particular. Just a vague notion that came to me the moment I began to study the thing."

"Maybe if you had another kind of a chicken you would get another kind of vague notion?"

"Maybe so, but once is enough. I'm not going to try it again."

"You'll believe in the system, will you, if Rufus should be defeated?"

"I don't say that; no, not that; but I'm glad I tried the experiment anyway, just as a matter of historical interest."

"How do you want the chicken cooked to-morrow?"

"That chicken?"

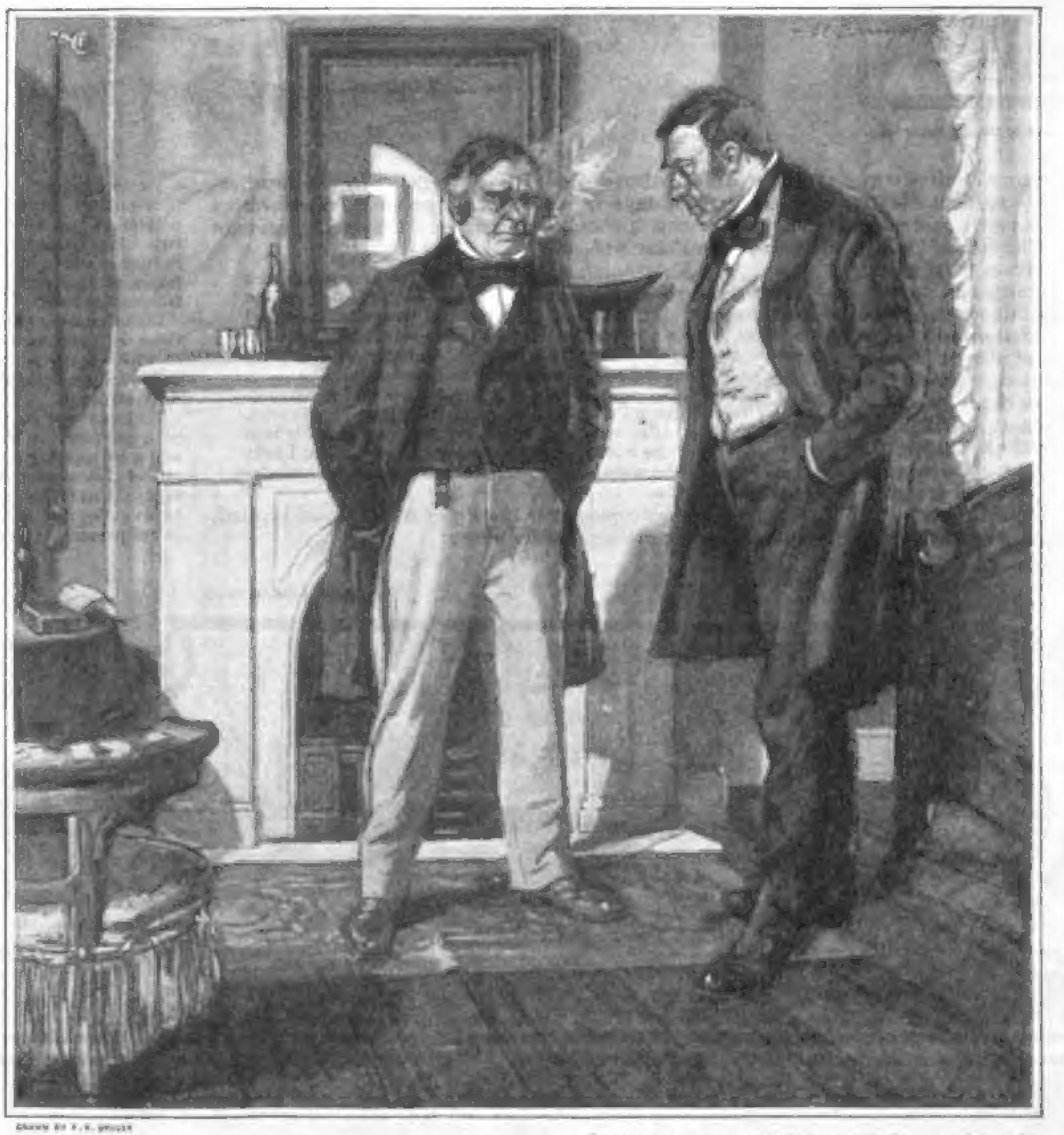
"Yes."

"Why, Puella, that is a consecrated chicken."

"You said we could eat it."

"Well, I did think so last night, but do you know, Puella, I couldn't eat a particle of it now! I should have a strange

(Continued on Page 15)



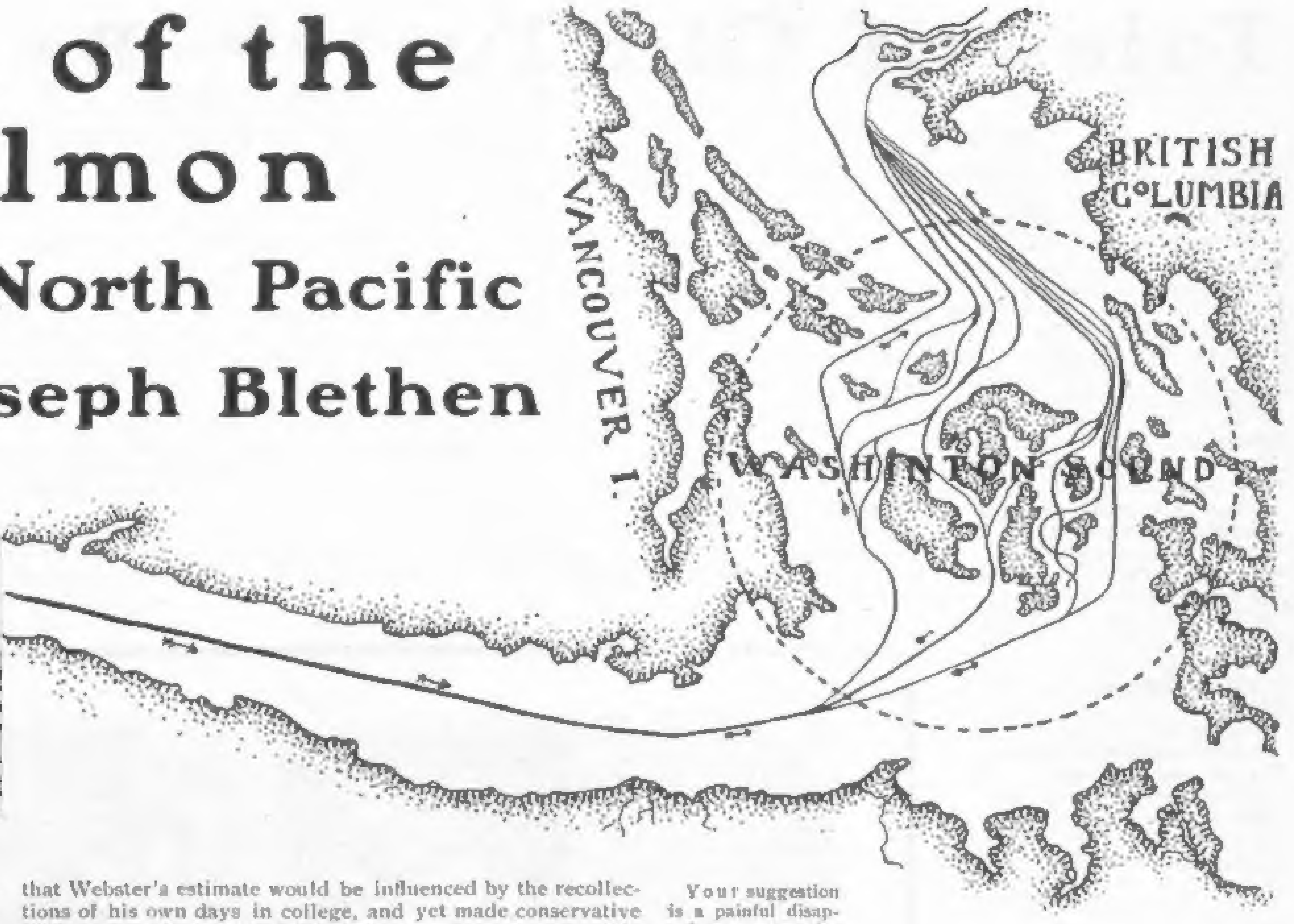
DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

"He is putting up a stiff fight," said Billy Grimes to Colonel Sly

The Run of the Red Salmon

A Tale of the North Pacific

By Joseph Blethen



One of the big canneries

THE last year of Harvey Alden's preparatory studies was sweetened with certain foretastes of the student life at Harvard that sent his pulses to the quick and heightened his already large pleasure of anticipation. The lads of his set were admitting his chances of making the team to be good, and already several societies in the University had underscored him as a desirable quantity. That all this should have come to naught was human; that young Alden should enter Stanford University a year later was odd; but that it should all be caused by a monster school of red salmon, which foregathered on the bottom of Bering Sea, bore down the long North Pacific Coast till in the Straits of Fuca it smelled the waters of the Fraser River, and swarmed into the fish traps till the crowded nets broke with their weight, and trap men were wild with their own prosperity, was a bit of luck which would have been agreeable even to the Count of Monte Cristo.

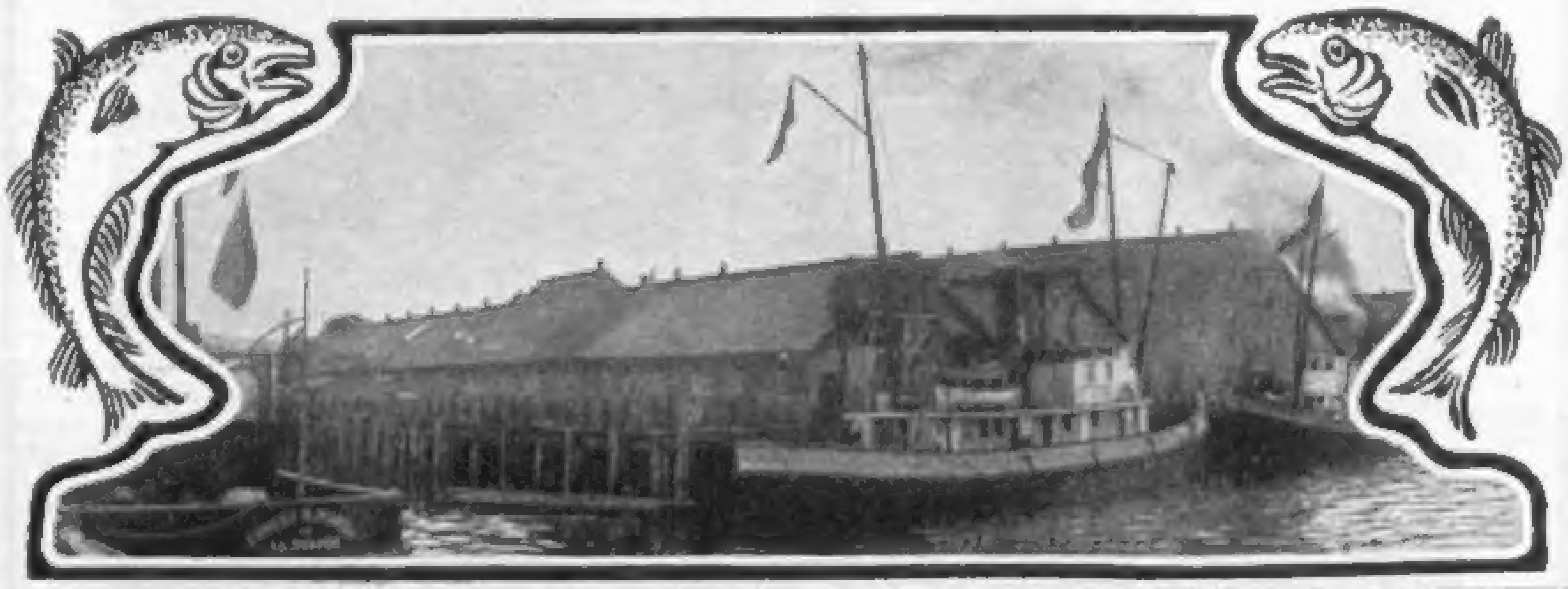
The Pater Alden was a hardworking scribe, a sterling citizen whose purse, having sent an elder son through Harvard, was now asked to undertake the strain of Harvey at college, and Ann, the only daughter, at the conservatory. The elder son, Webster, had gone to the far West, and of the plenty there presented had grasped one opportunity with success; for in the forests of Puget Sound he had turned tall firs into logs and logs into money. To the Pater Alden, Webster's success was a matter of keen delight, and, unknown to Harvey, he had written to the elder son asking him, as a graduate of Harvard, to estimate the cost of the younger son's course. He felt that Webster's estimate would be influenced by the recollections of his own days in college, and yet made conservative by his subsequent business experience. The reply brought delight to the Pater Alden.

> I have all along intended to relieve you of Harvey's expenses in Harvard, but at this moment I find a business proposition tempting me. I have been looking into the salmon business and I think there is a fortune in it. I had always connected salmon canning with the Columbia River, but I find that Southeastern Alaska and Puget Sound pack the bulk of the catch.
>
> I have an opportunity to build a trap on the Sound in partnership, but if I do it I cannot spare money for Harvey this year. Send the boy out to me and if he doesn't think me sensible in it I'll stay out of the deal and he may enter Harvard. But I fully believe that if he will spend a year with me I can make an independence for him.

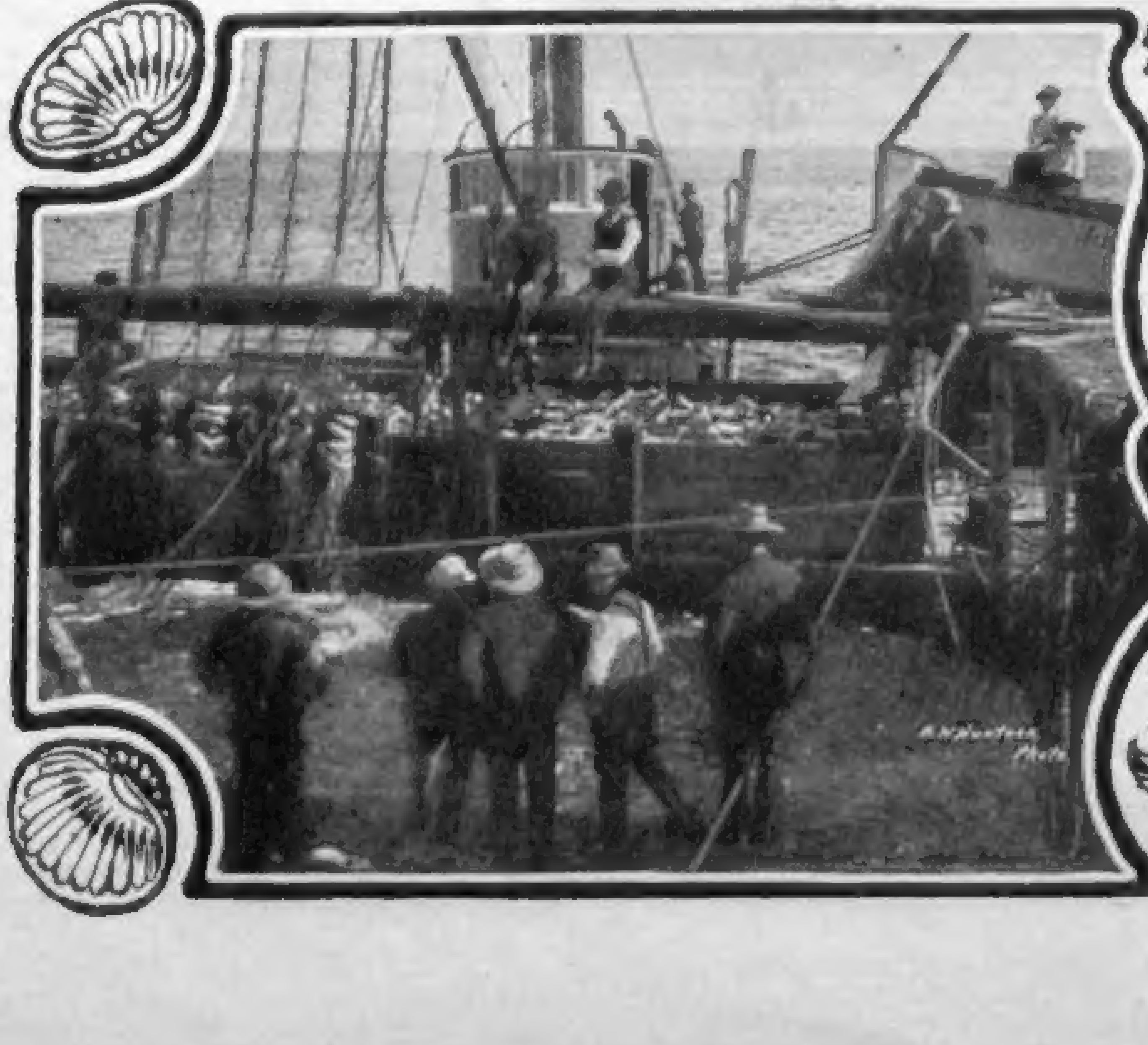
To this most welcome letter the Pater Alden soon replied, and touching the main point he wrote:

> Your suggestion is a painful disappointment to the lad. He is manly enough to see in it a request that it would be ungracious to refuse. His hopes of Harvard have come so near that to interrupt them seems an irreparable loss.
>
> I felt that your offer was like the call of destiny. Things are new out there with you, and young men make fortunes in a twelvemonth the like of which many of us gray-headed toilers in the East have sought in vain during a lifetime. So I have urged your suggestion on Harvey quite strongly.
>
> He has already struck the gait of the college boy whose bills are paid with no worry on his part. I have noticed a tendency to pose of late, and a patronizing air toward the world in general. He talks occasionally of this or that tutor for "our set," and I get an occasional whiff of cigarette in his room. But his judgment is good, and he is training a bit to make the football team. I have faith in his ultimate good sense, but at present he needs a bit of pushing out of the nest.
>
> He heard your suggestion of a salmon trap with undisguised disdain. I asked him wherein it differed from the great wholesale grocery business of Perry, Senior, whose money is to send Perry, Junior, through college, and left him with that text for an evening. Then I asked him if he knew what was meant by the "codfish aristocracy" of his own Massachusetts, and he did not. So I sent him to the public library to ascertain. Then I sent him to the Secretary of the Board of Trade to get me the totals of last year's codfishing handled through Boston. Incidentally I commissioned him to go to the State House and ascertain why the weathervane is in the shape of a codfish, and why a great bronze codfish adorns the Speaker's desk in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. He returned quite enthusiastic over his

The tug raced back for scows



The run of the red salmon, though late, was a record breaker



"A hundred thousand salmon! Boy, each fish means fifteen cents!"

discoveries and was ready to jump on a train and go to [illegible] at once. When he found that some of the greatest fortunes in the State were founded on cod fisheries 'way back in the early days he wanted to design a coat-of-arms for our name with a red salmon on it. He would rush through the salmon business to instant success just as he would cram and dash through an examination.

Webster, when he read the letter, saw therein a reflection of his own boyish mind. Recollections of his own enthusiastic entrance to Harvard crowded on him, and he wrote his brother some timely sympathy:

I inclose a draft for your trip. Come along and keep your eyes open all the way across your own glorious country.

I imagine from the Pater's letters that you are running some with a set who belittle any sort of commercial effort. You scratch that sort of a young man on the back and you will find blue blood nourished by some Pater's ready money. If you want an opinion on business that's worth something go back to the Pater in question and you'll get it. College for the men whose bills are paid, as were mine and as yours will be, is a little aristocracy all very self sufficient. Success there [illegible] not qualify you for success in the broad democracy which constitutes the business world. In college you are protected by the high-tariff wall of entrance examinations; in the business world it is free trade in the [illegible] with [illegible] choose [illegible]. So do not go to your chums for advice on the salmon run.

Another thing: If you are like me, your football plans are made glorious by a certain amount of feminine applause. You are wondering how a certain pink and white creature of undeniable sweetness will hear that you are to go into business (and the fish business at that!) and let college wait for a year. Don't worry about that. Do you think your college-bred elder brother, who was graduated from Harvard "*cum laude*" is any more out of place in it than you are? And I know hundreds of college men who would jump at the opportunity I am offering you. Opinions are cheap; you just do something substantial in the business world and every sane young woman of your acquaintance will applaud. Remember this, also: a grand-stand play on the gridiron is forgotten when the spring brings out baseball suits; but a snug investment makes you a man among men for life. College taught me one thing above all others: to fear no man on earth but my own self, to heed no criticism, adverse or flattering, that did not square with my own judgment.

Come along, and if you don't like my plan I'll pay your way home again.

Harvey started on his long journey feeling that already untold wealth was his. Two things impressed him as State after State ran from beneath the car wheels and constant evidences of a great population were pressed upon him. First, everywhere men were engaged in their own affairs; this was the spirit of accomplishment, but his young mind could not name it. Second, he found the West full of college men. He heard of them as officials of railroads, as heads of large industries, as leaders in the professions, and with equal respect he heard the names mentioned of college men just entering the struggle in all sorts of callings. This was adaptability, the very essence of his brother's own experience.

When Harvey stepped off the Overland at Seattle his first question after greeting his brother was:

"Have you a photograph of a salmon run? A man on the train said it was a wonderful sight."

"Humph! He was giving you a jolly."

"How so?" asked the puzzled lad.

"Because no one has happened along the bottom of the Sound, a couple of hundred feet under water, just as the run was on. Did you think the salmon run on top of the water?"

Harvey, much chagrined at his error, resolved to use his common-sense in the future.

Puget Sound was a surprise to the New Englander as it had been to his brother. Lazy in its strength, hazy in its overplenty of summer light, framed by marching columns of firs and banked to the sky line with snow-capped ranges, it won him the sense of a glad discovery. He remained to pass upon its waters the most dramatic episode of his life.

Early in June the fishermen look for the first of the salmon, the lordly Chinook, whose flesh is so prized that the entire catch is packed in ice and rushed to the Eastern markets to be sold fresh and firm. It was late in June this year before the Chinooks came. He went down the Sound with his brother and saw what to him was a monstrous quantity of fish taken from the traps, but the fishermen were clearly disappointed and predicted a light run for the summer.

"Every fourth year the salmon run is small," Webster explained. "Even the Indians, who have lived on these fish for countless generations, tell us that it has always been so. There is a tradition among the Siwashes that one year there were no fish and a great famine swept through the lodges all along the North Coast. So there is nothing to alarm any one in this year's small run."

Early in July the second run commenced, the run of the red sockeye, whose generous numbers provide the main source of wealth to the canneries. Even this run was light, so the trap men said, and Harvey wondered what a full run could be, for to him the quantities being taken seemed enough to depopulate the sea.

August 1 saw the last of the sockeyes and the coming of the humpbacks, a second-rate salmon. These ran till September and were followed by the bright silversides which are nearly as good as the sockeyes. Last, and running into October, came the camp followers, the piratical dog salmon, whose flesh is despised except in those years of the short run when a sharp market gives the cannery an excuse to pack it. Ordinarily it is only smoked and salted.

Harvey followed the succeeding runs with interest. The possibilities of wealth to a fortunate trap owner appealed to him, and his glowing letters went homeward stuffed thick with borrowed statistics, photographs of traps, of canneries and of fish scows, till the Alden family were distracted in trying to follow his conclusions. In the West he had found an atmosphere of work, and Webster's enthusiasm over the building of a fish trap had been contagious. Webster went about his preparations systematically, and by leading Harvey adroitly from one set of facts to their evident conclusion, and then on to another, held his interest at a high pitch. Reducing all his facts to black and white, Webster drew a map which showed him that the salmon returning from Alaska to spawn in the fresh waters of the Fraser River, turn into the Straits of Fuca and go by Cape Flattery in the deepest water. West of San Juan Island the fish strike the rising bottom of Puget Sound and scatter through the narrow channels which divide the many islands and lead to the Fraser. Through Rosario Strait and into the Gulf of Georgia they run with a fever of haste, for now the fresh water is sweet on their gills. In these waters, then, the traps must be set that are to be of any value, and his first step was to secure a good location.

This was possible only by purchase, as all good locations had long been secured. But many locations were held by men who had no means to build traps, and who did not care to sell out to the canneries. It was one of these men who had offered Webster a half interest in location and trap, he to furnish the former if Webster could build the latter. It was then that Webster sent for his brother that he might see the summer's run and judge for himself as to the wisdom of the venture.

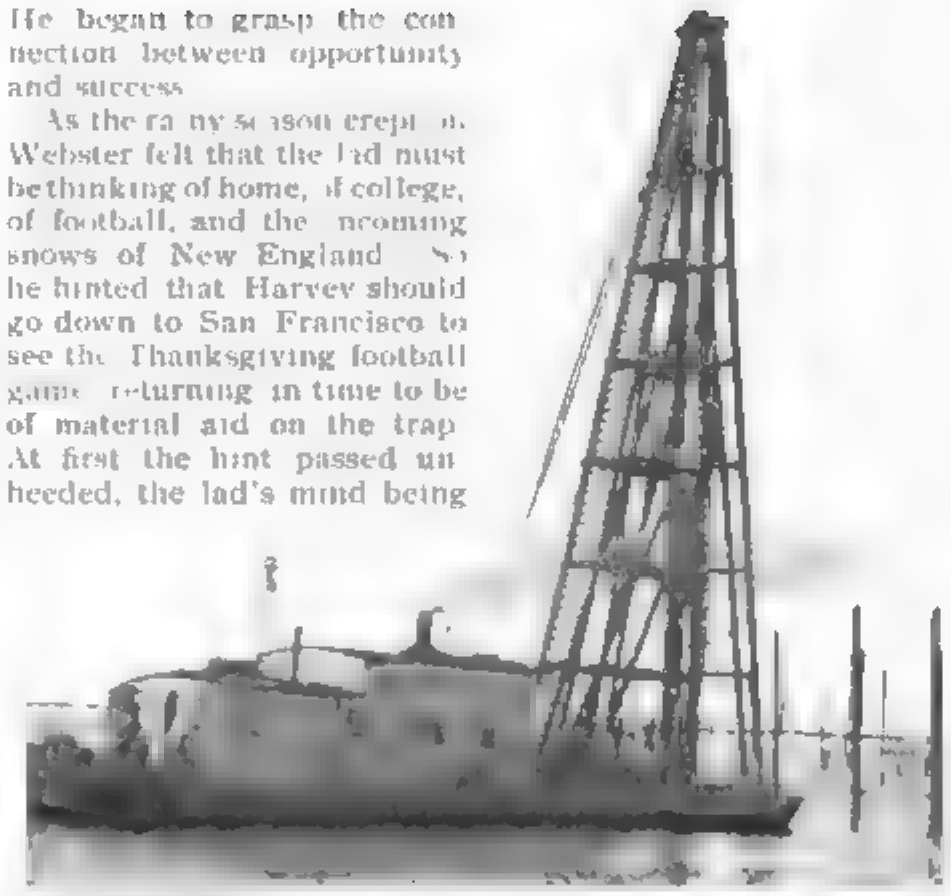
September 1 brought their affairs to a crisis, as Harvey must hurry home if he decided to enter college. But the council was short. Webster offered to hold one fourth of the trap and location as Harvey's till he became of age, in return for the younger brother's giving up college for a year.

"We will either make an independence for each of us, or go broke the first year," said Webster. "If we lose, I will return to the woods and you lose Harvard until I can get on my feet again. If we win, you will be independent."

"I think your offer very generous," said Harvey. "I will remain and help build the trap."

Webster Alden disposed of his timber, part for cash and part on condition that a certain number of piles, intended for use in the fish trap, be delivered at the Sound during the winter. To Harvey the process of transferring the tall firs from their native stand in the forest to the salt water was interesting, and the incidental glimpses which he caught of the lumber business accounted to him for many fortunes which he had learned were safely locked in many Western cities. He began to grasp the connection between opportunity and success.

As the rainy season crept on, Webster felt that the lad must be thinking of home, of college, of football, and the oncoming snows of New England. So he hinted that Harvey should go down to San Francisco to see the Thanksgiving football game, returning in time to be of material aid on the trap. At first the hint passed unheeded, the lad's mind being



Drawing the fish trap

on the fortunes of the Harvard team, but gradually Webster broadened his hinting into frank suggestion, and finally, when a group of Stanford graduates, who were to journey south to see the great game, invited him to be one of their number, Webster said go, and drew a check for his brother's expenses.

Taking the train with his elder comrades at San Francisco, Harvey went for the first time on that forty-mile dash down the Santa Clara valley to Palo Alto. The November fog was left behind, and the November sun of the California paradise struck a deep red glint on the tiling where the Stanford roofs spread about their spacious quadrangle. From the train the alumni, with Harvey tucked in their midst, marched up the long avenue to the arch, with a rich black soil beneath their feet, two lines of tropical palms on either hand, and a soft blue above them. While the returning pilgrims cheered and sang and waved their cardinal with the abandon of favorite children returned to their own, Harvey looked at the wonders about him, and asked why he had not known of this before.

Through the two days that followed Harvey was an adopted child of the red-topped principality, and royally did he wave his borrowed cardinal. From the wonders of the University itself, with its every evidence of wealth, he followed the masses to the gridiron and cheered the cardinal team through all that afternoon of San Francisco fog. When Stanford won he was jubilant with the older enthusiasts.

He returned to the dragging rainy season on the Sound with bright eyes and a new love for the Coast. Webster had contracted with a pile-driver, and already the corner posts of the trap were set. Weeks went by before the long line of piles were ready to receive the nets which guide the salmon to the trap, but day by day Harvey attempted whatever task Webster set for him, and grew rugged and ruddy.

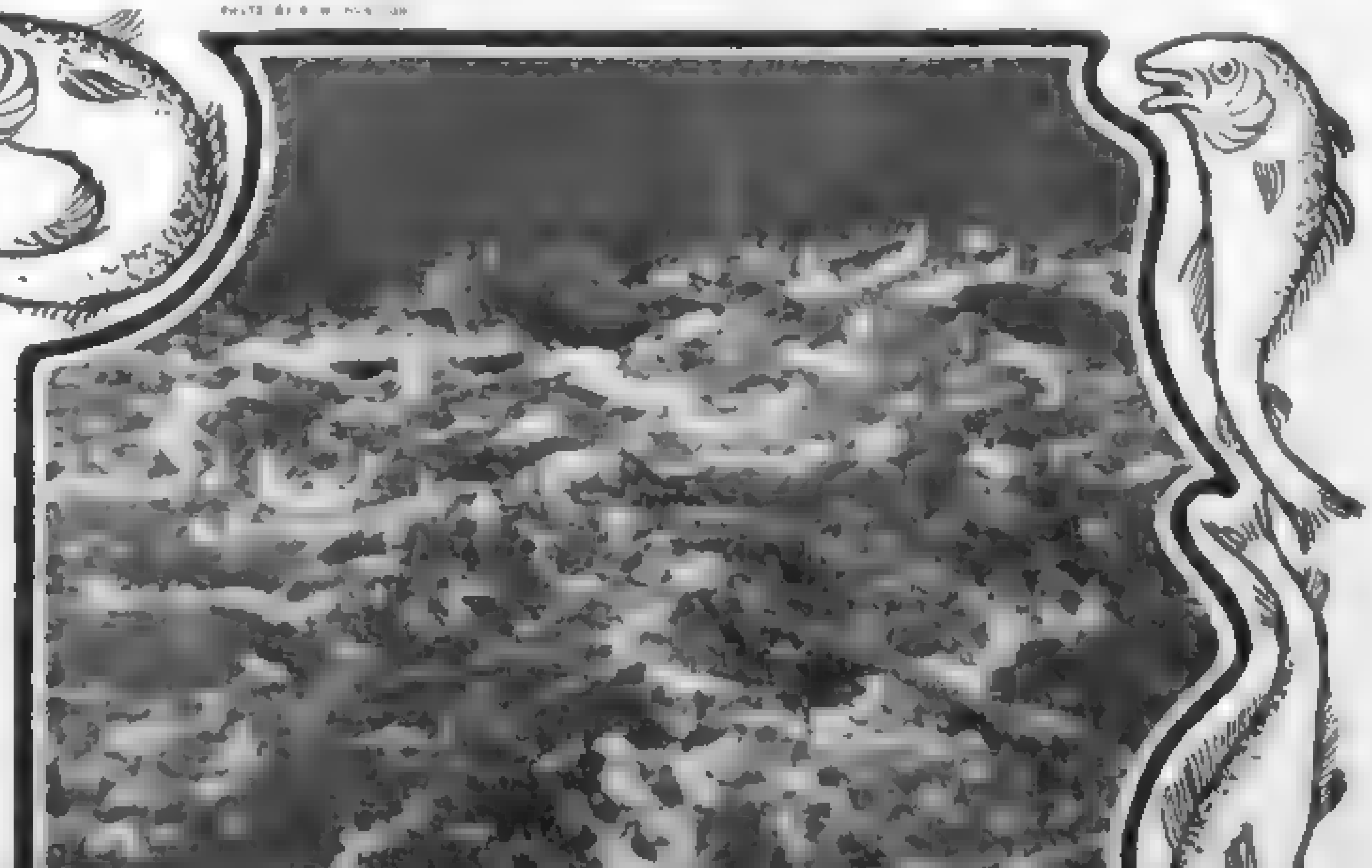
The rainy season drags on the Sound, but it has its compensations. Frost interrupted their work for ten days only, and so long as it rained there was no fog. The Sound became to Harvey a deep hearted, lazy being, and he longed for summer to come with its long days and hazy, lazy lights. By day they drove ahead on the piling, at evening they read and visited under their own electric lights, and by night they slept where the inland waters scarcely stirred.

By April Webster had secured his nets, and Harvey tackled the most unpleasant work he had yet done, for the nets were to be tarred and mended, and after being hung in place they were lowered and raised in the chilly water until a trap expert pronounced them ready for the salmon.

(Continued on Page 18)

Mending web after a storm

A salmon bank trap — a hundred thousand salmon in pot



THE
SATURDAY
EVENING
POST
FOUNDED
A.D. 1728

Published every Saturday by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Subscription, $1.00 the Year—5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶The anti-expansion movement is true to its name. It is rapidly contracting

¶The best thing about Mexico's new navy is that it is to be built in the United States.

¶About the only way Sir Thomas can lift that cup is to pick it up out of curiosity to examine the engraving

¶President Roosevelt's army policy is more for efficiency than for size—and that is the wish of the American people.

¶Considering the plenitude of infallible remedies it is a national shame that the American eagle remains bald-headed

¶If the tireless messenger-boy could only be added to the wireless telegraphy enough time would be saved to start a new series of leap years.

¶New York is boasting because its street-car conductors are becoming more polite. Nothing makes people so appreciative as the unexpected.

¶So long as the good preachers draw crowded congregations the poor preachers prove nothing by talking to empty pews about the decline of religious interest.

¶Governor Shaw, of Iowa, can console himself with the thought that he will not be obliged to pay excess baggage on his Presidential boom while he is traveling outside of his own State

¶Every season we read about the beginnings and intentions of coöperative housekeeping plans in this country, but we never hear anything of the subsequent proceedings. Most of them seem to fade away. In the meanwhile the one-home idea—even if it is in a flat—prospers.

¶If Postmaster-General Smith remains in the Cabinet to the end of the present Administration he will probably see the postal receipts larger than the expenditures. Already the difference is less than four millions of dollars, and the gain is steady. This is one of the finest signs of national prosperity. Within the present generation the post-office service will become a profitable source of revenue to the Government And eventually we shall have one cent letter postage

Have Bachelors Any Rights?

VIRGINIA will soon vote upon the adoption or the rejection of a new constitution, and whatever may be the decision the instrument that will be passed upon will go down into history for a very interesting and somewhat curious reason The convention that framed it was regarded as unusual in standing and ability, but it had one weakness that was soon pointed out—an undue proportion of its membership consisted of single men. There was no explanation for this, not even the claim that many good lawyers in Virginia were too poor to marry. But the bachelors, being without excuse and modest in the bargain, even if they were lawyers, banded together for the common defense. They formed a bachelors' club and tried to maintain their position before a scornful public

The married men proved their superiority by practical demonstrations. They showed that on the floor they were much more self-possessed and far cooler than the bachelors To this the bachelors made reply that the married men were used to joint debates at home, and that being interrupted did not feeze them. This is a fair illustration of the arguments of the single men—shallow, specious and scandalous. The married men further proved that they could talk longer and better than the single men, and they pointed to the records to show that they had accomplished by far the larger part of what had been done. The bachelors—still frivolous—responded that the benedicts were making up for time lost when the speakers of their own houses shut them off and did the talking themselves. Then it was established that the married men of the nation had done most of its fighting and had held most of its offices. The bachelors—worse than ever—asseverated that the married men went to war to escape hostilities and ran for office because they had to run somewhere, and that an office was about the safest place.

But soon the women of the country knew of the single-blessedness club and the members began to get letters. These epistles varied from stinging truths to flat proposals. Then the Virginia girls, than whom there are none lovelier in the world, took a hand. The club lost members. The assessments for wedding presents became onerous, and finally Captain Miller, the president, threw up his hands and surrendered, saying that there should be a provision in the State constitution they were framing providing that no man should be eligible to any office in Virginia who was not married or who had never been married, and he added: "I have come to the conclusion that bachelors have no rights and are incompetent as legislators, and that the sooner they are relegated to private life the better."

If such a provision were in, there could be no doubt that the whole of the new constitution would go through the polls with flying colors—but really, it is not necessary. A nation which has for its motto, In Union there is Strength, has already placed its stamp of disapproval upon bachelorhood

◆

Already the new woman is getting old.

◆

Votes Bought Without Money

WE HAVE had in the municipal campaigns this fall many acute and illuminating illustrations of that curious and considerable public sentiment which measures all political opportunity by its direct value to the individual. The voter taking this view of the situation does not ask: "Which is right, and of the largest benefit to the community?" but puts it plainly to himself: "Which ticket will pay me best?" If these cases were sporadic, or even only plentiful, the danger would not be so great, but when we find them almost overwhelming a genuine regard for principle the result becomes a general calamity, for nothing could so quickly cheapen and degrade the life of a free people as the placing of the dollar mark before good citizenship.

If we use the ballot simply to increase our temporary comforts and fortunes, irrespective of what we know to be right, we must set down the grim heroes of the Revolution which gave us liberty as having been the biggest lot of fools that ever lived. If they had so chosen they might have remained in their homes, with plenty of food and personal comfort, with no greater inconvenience than that of paying a few taxes which were not so onerous in amount as those which Americans have to pay to-day; but they preferred seven years of suffering and starvation to the sacrifice of conviction. And yet, after one century and a third of free government, we find men who will support factions and cliques which they know to be corrupt, simply because they can get from them trivial concessions. We know of one case in which a wealthy man declines to join a reform movement because the crooked machine in power allows him to take up more of the sidewalk with his boxes than he is entitled to. And that—strange to say—is not only a typical but a very mild case.

Sir Walter Scott was censured by some of his readers for not assigning the hand of Wilfrid to Rebecca, instead of to Rowena, in the novel of Ivanhoe. "The author may," he replied, "observe, that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity." Such, he declared, is not the recompense which Providence deems worthy of suffering merit, and he considered it a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach "that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or the attainment of our wishes." It is hard for some people to understand this view of the higher morality, and it is easy to pass the matter off with the quip of the humorist that, though "virtue was her own reward, the jade had to work hard and wait a long time to get it." But, with it all, the fact remains that the big things, the enduring things, the cleansing reforms, the noble and uplifting lives, come only from that zealous and jealous sentiment that clings to goodness for the sake of goodness, to right because it is right, and to principle because it is principle.

When a man begins to bargain with his conscience he sells his character to his lower self. When he compromises his vote for what it may bring him in convenience or in comfort he sells out just as truly as does the ignorant person who accepts money—and his guilt is all the greater because his sense of responsibility is larger. There does seem to be in all the walks of life—in our great universities and our public schools—in our shops and our vast department stores—in our homes and in our offices—the need of direct, vigorous and undiluted education in the higher duties of conscience and character.

With such training we shall come to a time—possibly in the far future, but we shall come to it—when great cities will not look upon open violations of Sunday laws and of other ordinances as perfectly excusable merely because many people prefer matters managed, or rather mismanaged, in that way. We shall come to a time when a man will be as careful with his vote as he is with his oath on the witness-stand. We shall come to a time when there will be a vast majority of good citizens for the sake of good citizenship.

Then we shall not be ashamed of our cities, and we shall not see vice protected at the expense of virtue

◆

Eyes need glasses, ears need trumpets and drums, but the tongue never wears out.

◆

Uncle Sam's Best Customers

IT IS well for us to keep on conquering foreign markets and taking vigilant precautions against any interference with them, but we may have the consoling reflection that our permanent prosperity is not dependent upon the good will of foreign customers and not accessible to the jealous attacks of foreign governments.

Our total export trade, which seems such a tremendous thing to us and to our European rivals, amounts to only about twenty dollars for each one of our population. A very little improvement in the consuming and purchasing power of our poeple would reduce that trade to insignificance.

Mr. Fred A. McKenzie, the author of The American Invaders, invites England to shudder because we sell American typewriters to her to the amount of over $20,000 a week. That is a trade worth having, of course, but there are people enough in New York City alone who need typewriters, and have not yet bought them, to double it.

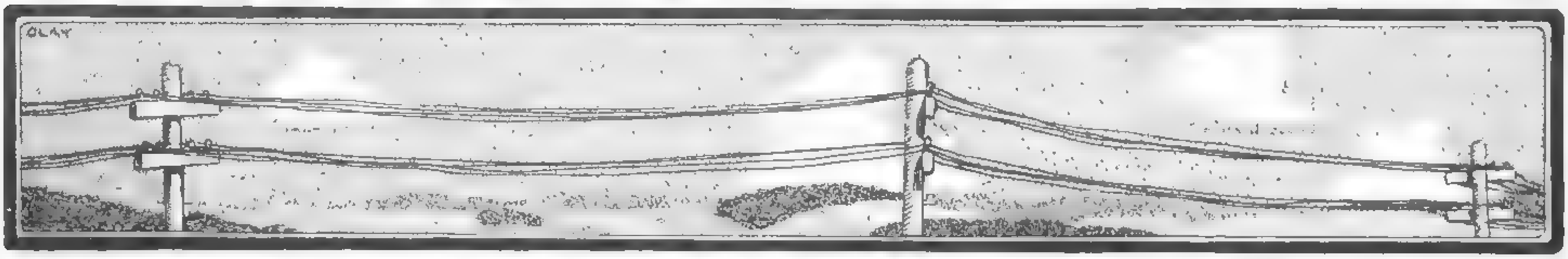
There is nobody in the United States, outside of the list of millionaires, who would not like to have more or better clothes. If every person in the country were able to spend on an average $10 a year more for clothes than he spends now the volume of trade in that line would be increased by nearly $800,000,000 annually, or more than half the amount of our combined exports of every kind.

If every American family could live in a neat, comfortable cottage of moderate cost, the lumber, iron, steel, glass, paint, plumbing and building trades would have a boom so colossal as to dwarf everything known in the field of foreign commerce. If every American family could have all the meat it wanted, three times a day, the American farmer would have no need to concern himself about the German tariff

And so on around the whole circle of our industries. Would it not be worth while for our field-marshals of business to give some attention to this curious situation? The American garment-maker is trying to induce the savages of Africa and Polynesia to wear clothes which they are much more comfortable without, because if he cannot sell his goods to them his workers will not be able to buy anything to eat The American farmer is loaded down with things to eat, and he is trying to force them upon the protesting Germans because, if they do not take them off his hands, he will not be able to buy anything to wear. Why cannot the farmer with his ragged overalls and the garment-maker with his pinched stomach make a trade? Why cannot the people who make bicycles and automobiles find buyers among the people who make hats and shoes?

The consuming power of this country is absolutely unlimited. Nobody's wants are ever satisfied. The more one has the more he thinks he needs. The only reason why we do not all live in palaces, with mosaic floors, silken upholsteries and marble baths, and have fast horses, automobiles and yachts, is that we cannot produce enough to pay for them Will anybody explain, then, why it is that we are always complaining of under-consumption and over-production?

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"



Is Our National Game Doomed?

By James A. Hart

President Chicago League Ball Club

NOT since the first league game was played has this country seen so much professional baseball as in the present year. This is the best answer that can be made to the question: "Is our national game doomed?"—a question which crops out at frequent intervals in all quarters of the field

Another convincing reply to this inquiry is to point to the fact that every school yard, village common and vacant city lot is a perpetual drill-ground for baseball, where Young America acquires a practical knowledge of the game as intuitively as he learns how to whistle. He does not have to be taught—and what is still more significant, he unconsciously acquires a loyalty for this splendid sport which time cannot alter. As he grows older and takes his place in the business world he finds the diamond of his boyhood playground the centre of cherished associations. These come sweeping back upon him with peculiar force and vividness when he knocks off work on a Saturday afternoon and joins in the shouting throng in grandstand or bleachers.

But why does this wave of fear that the popularity of baseball is seriously threatened recur just at this time, when every league has gone through the entire season and all material proofs substantiate the claim that baseball was never stronger in public favor than at the present moment?

Strife between the National and American Leagues, resulting in temporarily unsettled conditions in the governing powers, is the main cause, and perhaps the only one that needs be taken into account.

Heretofore professional baseball has been governed by a compact known as the National Agreement. This document designates the National League as "party of the first part" and all other leagues as "parties of the second part." A desire for expansion and for greater swing and prominence led the American League to recede from this compact, and this precipitated the present disturbed conditions which are accountable for the recurrence of the public timidity and doubt regarding the future of baseball.

That a new adjustment will be effected which will put professional ball on a sounder and better basis than it has ever before occupied I cannot doubt. This can only be effected by the creation of a strong central organization which shall absolutely control the entire field and also command the unqualified confidence of the public.

Those who look upon baseball affairs solely from the sportsman's viewpoint fail to consider the peculiar obstacles which beset the business and legislative end of the sport.

When it is remembered that it costs $700 a game to keep a National League team in the field it will be seen that some one must pay considerable attention to the business phase of the sport. No business in the world presents conditions as paradoxical as the baseball business. In illustration of this phase, let it be said that every team has its opponent as a partner in the matter of income, but not of outgo Then, too, there is a constant shifting of opponents. Only one team in a league can stand at the head, but several of them can be simultaneously at the foot, so far as the opinion of the public is concerned

Again, the public invariably cries to the management of a team not in the forefront: "Why don't you go out and get men who can play?" This natural but generally unreasonable reproach fails to take into account the fact that the management is hedged about by a multiplicity of restrictions regarding the engagement of players. These restrictions are absolutely necessary to keep the game clean, fair and above reproach. In this connection the public should always, in fairness, keep in mind the fact that the natural tendency of any professional sport is downward. In other words, it will be abused and debased unless protected by restrictions increasingly rigid and of a fearless, progressive character.

Baseball has been thus protected, and to this is largely due the high place which it has in the field of sports. It has been kept clean, and the American people are proud of it.

Any attempt to account for the irrepressible popularity of baseball will be inadequate which does not recognize the fundamental characteristics of the game itself. A league game presents a certainty of from ninety to one hundred and twenty minutes of entertainment, the exact nature of which cannot be forecast by the shrewdest "fan," or even by the star players. Consequently it always offers the attraction which attaches to the element of chance, to the possibility of some surprising incident, to the certainty that its every step must be a spontaneous development.

Baseball is the best game in the world; it is American to the backbone—clean, honest and active; and our people are fonder of it to-day than ever before.

❧

A Department of Commerce

By Hon. William E. Mason

Of the Senate Committee on Commerce

FEW measures of more genuine importance will come before Congress at the next session than the bill which provides for the creation of a Department of Commerce and the consequent addition to the Cabinet of a Secretary of Commerce. That this measure, or some other embodying the essentials of the Nelson bill, will pass both Houses and become operative under the approval of the President I cannot doubt. There is a persistent report that, in its general phases, the measure has the approval of President Roosevelt.

Though I do not believe any member of Congress would presume to speak for the new Chief Executive on this point, there are good general reasons for the conclusion that this step would be fully in accord with his policy

Reasons for such an opinion are not far to seek Not only has the commerce of the United States been tremendously expanded by the events of the last few years but it has also been greatly complicated. The creation of a Department devoted exclusively to Commerce is simply a step in the way of keeping pace with the march of progress. Already the problems which naturally belong to such a Department have assumed astonishing proportions, both as to volume and importance, and the immediate future bids fair to see them assume a size and complexity so formidable as to necessitate prompt action in creating the proposed Cabinet Department.

It is not to be supposed that this movement is a new one; on the contrary, it has been seasoned by several years of agitation. In the story of its evolution may be best seen the evidences of the strong public sentiment which is behind it. Years ago the labor organizations of the country began a vigorous agitation for a Department of Labor. Then the manufacturers came forward with the claim that their interests were inseparably allied with those of Labor and that the new Cabinet office should be called the Department of Labor and Manufactures

Next the merchants of the country made themselves heard with the demand that the jurisdiction of the proposed Department be extended to cover the interests of trading as well as the more elemental ones of labor and manufactures, and that the shorter title of Department of Commerce be adopted. The logic of this contention was adopted by those having in hand the framing of the measure.

That the latter is now generally satisfactory to the country is evidenced by the active approval and support of labor organizations, of manufacturing associations, and of exchanges and commercial alliances in large numbers. What is quite as important as indicating the probable fate of the measure is the fact that it does not meet with strong opposition from any quarter. The Departments already established, and among which the work of the proposed Department is at present divided, are now so overburdened with tasks more peculiarly their own that the element of jealousy does not seem to enter into this matter. Again, the pressing importance of Reciprocity adjustments is daily becoming more apparent. This means that the commercial relations of this country with others are becoming so compelling in their importance that they demand that broad, expert and systematic attention which can be had only through a Department especially devoted to Commerce.

America's Great Wheat Crop

By Thomas A. McIntyre

Of McIntyre & Marshall

NOTHING better illustrates the greatness of the United States among the nations of the earth than our cereal crop for 1901. Corn, the great staple of the country, has sustained damage that will wipe out more than one-third of the normal crop. The indicated crop is far less than 1,200,000,000 bushels, and we need at least 2,000,000,000 bushels to meet our ordinary requirements. In dollars and cents this means a loss approximately of $300,000,000. To any other country such a condition would mean famine. There would be nothing else to replace the loss even in part. With us, however, so great is our resourcefulness, and so bountiful is Nature, this loss, if not exactly replaced, is at least partially counterbalanced by a substantial gain in another great crop of the country—wheat—over the normal yield. Government crop reports show that we shall have in round numbers 650,000,000 bushels of this cereal. This is over 100,000,000 bushels greater than the average. Last year we had 520,000,000 bushels. The year before we had 547,000,000 bushels. Only once in our history have we exceeded this year's yield in wheat. This was in 1898, when we harvested 675,000,000 bushels.

That we should have a great wheat crop this year, far above the average, is not in itself a remarkable thing. Every other wheat-growing country has had a similar experience at times. The remarkable thing is that such a greatly increased crop should come this year, when the corn shortage makes a wheat surplus particularly valuable and welcome. It almost proves the statement recently made by one of our great industrial promoters, that "Providence sits up nights to make things comfortable for the United States of America."

Of course, the increased wheat yield will not even remotely counterbalance in dollars and cents the corn failure. It will make up less than one-third of the loss, say about $100,000,000. But, coming at this time, it assures to the masses of the people plenty of cheap flour and cheap bread

Another factor that makes the increased wheat crop particularly welcome and valuable is the fact that foreign crops show a great falling off this year. In consequence of this there will, of course, be a larger European demand, which will necessitate a very substantial addition to the bank account of the wheat growing farmers. Since July we have been sending wheat abroad at the rate of a million bushels a day. The farmers are, as yet, not receiving the increased price that the situation should command, because railroad and elevator interests are holding the price down until the major portion of the new crop shall be under their control, so that they, and not the farmers, may reap the benefit.

It is estimated that there are about 44,000,000 acres in this country under wheat. To seed this acreage requires between 55,000,000 and 60,000,000 bushels. This will leave us a net yield for domestic and foreign consumption of about 600,000,000 bushels. Here in the United States we consume nearly four bushels *per capita*, so that the amount that would be available, under normal conditions, for export, would be in round numbers about 300,000,000 bushels. As it is, with the shortage in corn and potatoes, this export surplus will probably be materially cut down. In the first place we may, very conservatively, figure on an extra half bushel *per capita*, or about 40,000,000 bushels, in round numbers, for wheat flour and bread, to make up for the shortage in other food products for the human family. Another 10,000,000 bushels will probably go toward the feeding of live-stock in place of corn. All these factors will have a tendency to give us, eventually, substantial prices for such wheat as we sell abroad.

Unfortunately, the farmers most affected by the short corn crop will derive little or no benefit from the increased wheat yield, as surplus wheat and corn are seldom raised on the same farms.

The results of the short corn crop will probably not manifest themselves forcibly until next fall, as it will take a considerable period of time for the results of the shortage to work up from the farmers, upon whom they fall directly. One undoubted consequence of the corn shortage will be dearer meat.

Tha
are Making HISTORY

Men & Women of the Hour

Lotta's Shower of Gold

Miss Lotta Crabtree

[illegible]

LOTTA, the actress, after a retirement of many years, has come anew into public attention, this time as manager of a theatre in Boston which she has owned for some years but which heretofore she had leased.

In private life Lotta is Miss Charlotte Crabtree, a most charming and dignified lady of petite figure and middle age. She has lived in retirement for nearly twenty years. She left the stage at the height of her popularity for reasons that have never been definitely stated. She has always been singularly successful, so successful that when she quitted active life it was said that she was worth nearly a million dollars.

Lotta was born in San Francisco amid very humble surroundings, and long before she was out of short clothes had made her appearance as a banjo player in the San Francisco music halls. She could play so well, and sing so well, and tell stories so well, that she became an innocent favorite with the rough element before which she appeared, and it is of record that the utmost decorum always prevailed when she was on the stage.

Her singular influence over rough men was exemplified by an incident that occurred when she was about seventeen. In charge of her mother, she was making a tour of the Nevada mining camps. She landed at Hamilton, one of the roughest camps in the Territory. An expectant crowd of particularly rough miners was at the tavern to meet her when the stage drove up. The great theatrical event had been announced somewhat in advance, and the miners had looked forward with boundless joy to the appearance of the gay soubrette who was coming to entertain them.

When there alighted from the stage a spare, elderly lady, who was Mrs. Crabtree, and a little girl in short frocks, who was Miss Crabtree, the disappointment was loudly and vociferously expressed. However, any show was better than none, and that evening the miners fairly packed the place where the show was to take place. Two billiard tables had been pushed together to make a stage, a curtain being dropped between for purposes of retirement. At the hour set for the opening there stepped from behind this curtain, on to the front billiard table, a demure little creature with skirts reaching to the knees, and carrying a banjo slung negligently over her shoulders.

The audience was very cold. In less than half an hour, however, Lotta had every mother's son of them in a state of high-wrought enthusiasm.

She sung to them, danced for them, and told them funny stories with tireless energy, and they encored her again and again. Finally one man in the audience, carried entirely away by enthusiasm, came down to the front with a whoop, and, throwing something on the stage, cried out:

"There; you can have my pile!"

The example was contagious. In less than a minute every man in the place was scrambling eagerly forward to divest himself of riches in order to lay them at Lotta's feet.

The result of that night's work was the most profitable in the history of Miss Lotta's career on the stage, either in Nevada or anywhere else.

Captain Schley's Officer-Dinner

Captain Thomas F. Schley, Twenty-third Infantry, U. S. A., son of Admiral Schley, did not enter the army through West Point but rose from the ranks. Unable to secure an appointment from his Congressional district, he volunteered as a private in the regular service. He had been carefully educated and after his enlistment devoted himself to the study of military science. In due time he applied for an examination, hoping to secure a commission. He was ordered to report at Fortress Monroe, and, after the ordeal of examination, in which he felt he had acquitted himself creditably, he went to a first-class café and ordered a dinner in celebration of possible honors in store for him.

He wore the uniform of a sergeant. The proprietor saw him, and as it was the rule of the house not to serve privates and non-commissioned officers, young Schley was politely but firmly told that he could not dine in the place.

The situation was embarrassing. There was a fashionable company present. Officers of the Post and summer visitors, attracted by the conversation, were curiously watching the outcome of the affair. At this juncture a member of the Board of Examiners entered, and approaching the young sergeant offered his congratulations, informing Schley that he had passed with honor and would no doubt receive his commission.

"I am just going to have something to eat and should like to have you join me," added the officer.

"I should be delighted to do so, but I have been asked to leave the dining-room on account of being only a non-commissioned officer," Schley replied.

The proprietor rose to the occasion, declaring that he would serve neither at the expense of the other, but that both should do him the honor to allow him to serve them a dinner of his own choosing. Schley was too happy over the good news he had received to cherish resentment, and the two sat down to a dinner such as the pay of even a commissioned officer does not permit more than once or twice a quarter.

Mr. Low as Sewer Inspector

Hon. Seth Low

[illegible]

PRESIDENT SETH LOW, of Columbia University, candidate for the mayoralty of New York, is an old political campaigner despite his academic position. He served two terms as Mayor of Brooklyn and made a vigorous though unsuccessful campaign for election as the first Mayor of Greater New York.

Mr. Low was formerly a tea merchant, having inherited a large business from his father. He went into office as Mayor of Brooklyn on a reform platform and promptly inaugurated a series of striking reforms. In the Brooklyn City Hall he soon became known to the reporters, and others who had business to do with him, as a unique executive. Instead of looking upon his office as a side issue, he took hold of it just as though it were his own private business, giving it all his time and attention.

Contractors, and others who did business for the city, soon learned of Mr. Low's peculiarity in this respect. If there was a piece of work under way for the municipality, Mr. Low could always be depended on to come around and look at it and watch its progress.

Among other enterprises planned and carried out under his administration was the construction of a twelve foot drainage sewer in South Brooklyn, and Mr. Low made it his business to get around regularly to inspect the work.

It happened one day that a new foreman was in charge. When the Mayor arrived he went down and walked into the brick part of the sewer. He had not gone very far when the foreman came running after him, and said:

"Here, you! What are you doing there?"

"I am simply looking around," replied the Mayor meekly.

"Well, you can look around outside; you can probably see more there."

"But," protested the Mayor, still very meekly, "I don't want to look around outside; I want to look around inside."

"Well, you can't; see? We don't have people coming in here and interfering with the work."

"Oh, all right;" and with that the Mayor walked out.

Just as he stepped out of the excavation the contractor came upon the scene, and greeted Mr. Low effusively. The foreman took in the meeting and after Mr. Low had gone he said to the contractor:

"Who was that man you just shook hands with?"

"That? Why, that was the Mayor."

"The who?"

"The Mayor."

"Murder and bones! And I chucked him out."

The contractor and his foreman were much worked up over the incident; but Mr. Low said the foreman was only doing his duty.

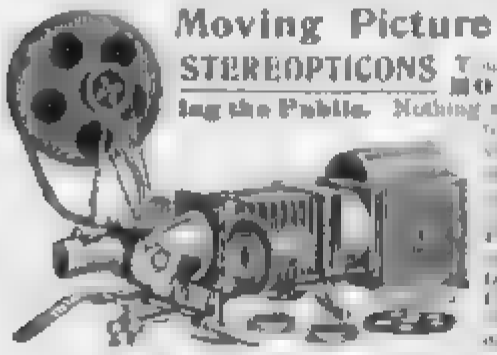
Writing Paper
BY THE POUND
"Double the quantity for the same money than by the quire or box"
We originated the system to which we owe our position as the largest Retail Stationers and Social Engravers in the world. Don't order Engraved
Wedding, Reception or Tea Invitations
without writing for our samples — correct in form, quality and style, and far below the usual price
Writing Paper! Visiting Cards! Monogram and Address Dies!
The latest color effects for stamping paper. Do you want to keep posted on what is correct and how to procure it for half what others ask? We send
A BOOK ON SOCIAL FORMS FREE
Containing Samples of the Latest Papers, Specimens of Engraved Visiting Cards, Monogram and Address Dies, as well as illustrated suggestions for
HOLIDAY GIFTS
WM. H. HOSKINS CO., Inc.
909 Chestnut Street Philadelphia

IN BISHOP (Grand Rapids) FURNITURE
You get the Latest Styles, the Finest Quality and Save One-Third. Keep it in your home five days. Examine it critically. If not [illegible] SEND MONEY [illegible] you return the goods [illegible] expense [illegible] money will be refunded.
No. 901 Morris Chair
[illegible] sawed Golden Oak or Birch Mahogany Finish. Frame is [illegible] has massive front posts and [illegible] are placed on either side beneath arms [illegible] Easy running [illegible] Height of back [illegible] width between arms [illegible]

Our Price $9.75. Retails for $15
We Prepay the Freight
to all points east of the Mississippi River and north of Tennessee, and allow freight that [illegible]
We take all risk of damage in shipping
BISHOP FURNITURE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Uniform Temperature Always
It makes no difference whether you have furnace, steam or hot water apparatus; or whether it is new or old. All you need is the
MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR
On market twenty years. As simple and no more expensive than a good clock.
[illegible] 30 days FREE TRIAL. If not satisfactory return at our expense. Free booklet. Write to-day
W. R. SWEATT, Secretary
First Ave. and P St. Minneapolis, Minn.

Moving Picture Machines
STEREOPTICONS You can make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. Nothing affords better opportunities for men with [illegible] Entertainment Supply [illegible] sent free.
CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY
225 Dearborn Street, Department L, Chicago, Ill.

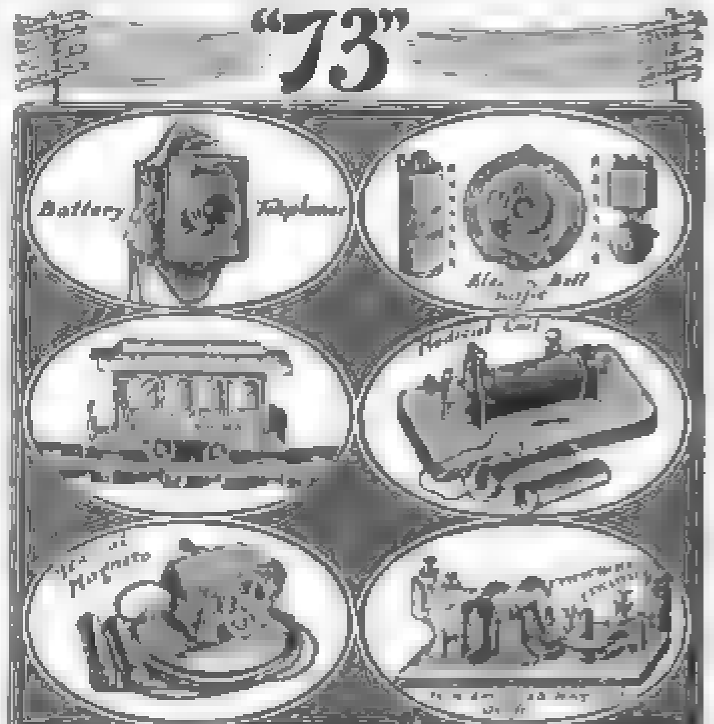


Spring Bed IDEAL FOSTER'S Spring Bed
Made for Wood or Metal Bedsteads
It is all that its trade mark name, "Ideal," implies for sleep and rest. Order one of your dealer for trial. Look for brass name plate, "Ideal," on bed. Take no substitute.
Write for free booklet, "Wide-Awake Facts About Sleep"
FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO., 4 Broad St., UTICA, N. Y.

Rocky Mountain Mineral Collection Paper Weight
Large Magnifying Glass attached. Polished Wood Base. Educational. Ornamental

Actual Size, 4 inches in diameter. Weight, 10 ounces.
Price Complete, 50c, Express Prepaid
The collection comprises — Gold and Silver Ores, Agate, Spars, Malachite, Amazon Stone, Quartz, Crystals, Petrified Wood, etc. Every color in the rainbow glows from these specimens, which are fully described, affording an interesting study. Send 50c (stamps or money order) and we will send you the paper weight, express prepaid, and if you are not satisfied that it is an unusual value, we will send your money back. Address all orders to
THE H. H. TAMMEN CURIO CO.
Department M 815-819 16th St., Denver, Colo.
Send stamp for Catalogue of "Curious Things," including Color Plate of Agates

"73"



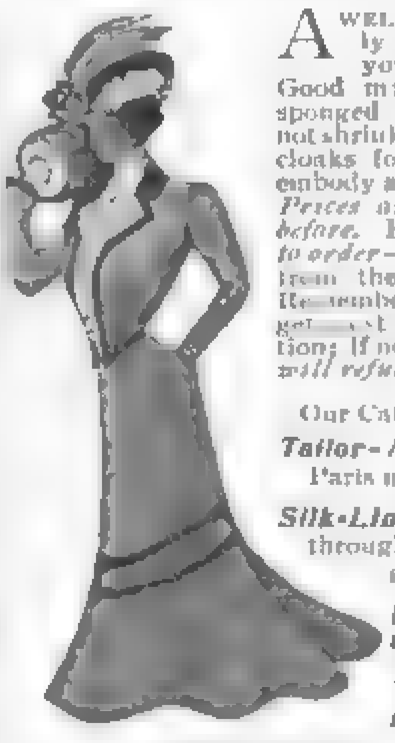
Battery Telephones, for lines [illegible]
Dry Battery, 20 cents cell
Complete Bell Outfit, with directions, $1.00
Medical Magneto, [illegible] $1.00
Medical Coil, [illegible] handles, $1.25
$10.00 Medical Battery, [illegible]
Electric Railway, [illegible] $1.50
Pan-Am [illegible]
Above prices cash [illegible]
Manual of Telegraphy, by mail, 6 cts
J. H. BUNNELL & CO., Electrical Mfrs.
Circular of Novelties Free. 20 Park Place, New York.

AGENTS EARN $75 TO $250 A MONTH

Selling Transparent Handle Knives
[illegible]
We want agents everywhere
[illegible] commission paid. Send 2c stamp for catalogue. If [illegible] send for agents' terms.
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 17 Bar Street, Canton, Ohio

HOT WATER
Heated, Complete $200
By Our Plan [illegible] fully guaranteed, including high [illegible] all fittings [illegible] piping cut to fit, [illegible] plans and directions to erect, to thoroughly and economically warm this house or any other of [illegible] $200. [illegible] new houses if you send plans or sketches. Ask for Home Heater Booklet. We manufacture Stove Pipe Water Heaters, Furnace Helpers, Regulating Safety Valves, Hot Water Boilers.
ANDREWS HEATING CO.
1280 Guaranty Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

PATENT SECURED [illegible]
[illegible] copy free
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.



New Winter Suits and Cloaks

A WELL MADE and properly finished garment fits you and is stylish. Good materials properly sponged wear well and will not shrink. Our new suits and cloaks for Fall and Winter embody all of these qualities. *Prices are lower than ever before.* Every garment *made to order*—to your measure—from the samples we send. Remember that whatever you get must fit and give satisfaction; if not, send it back. *We will refund your money.*

Our Catalogue Illustrates

Tailor-Made Suits, from Paris models, ***$8 up.***

Silk-Lined Costumes, lined throughout with fine taffeta silk, ***$15 up.***

Fashionable Costumes of Velveteen, Velvet Cords and Wide Wale Corduroy, $17 up.

New Cloth Skirts, $4 up.

Rainy-Day Suits and Skirts, plaid back or plain, ***Suits, $8 up. Skirts, $5 up.***

Long Outer Jackets, $10 up.

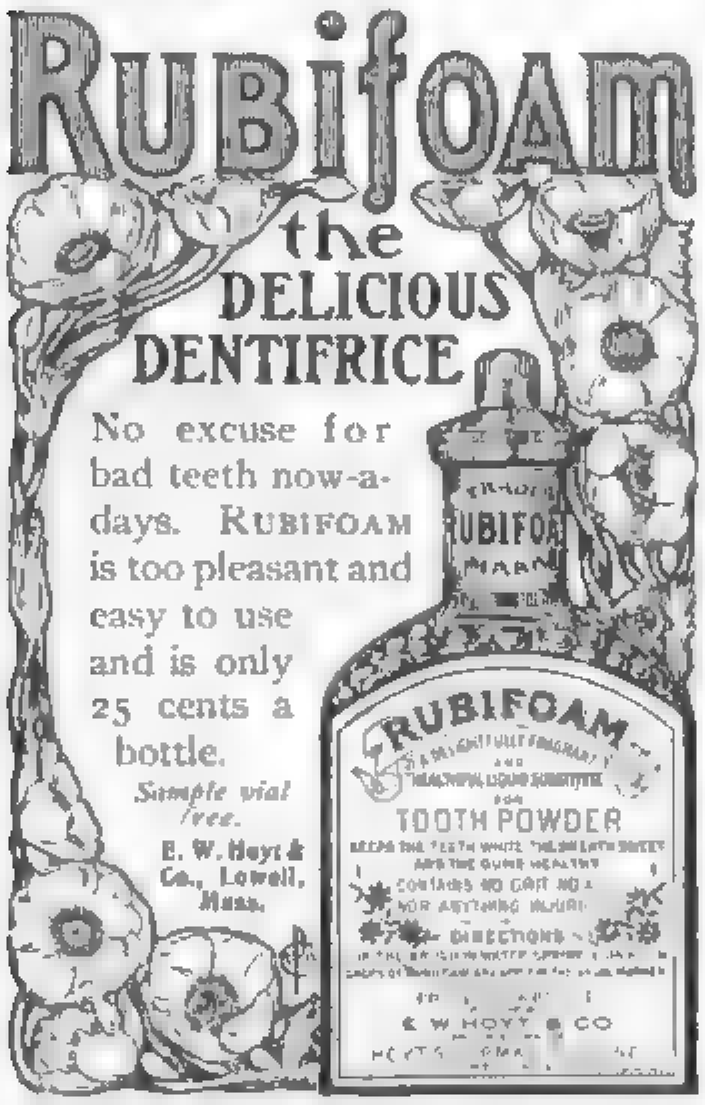
Jaunty Short Jackets, $7 up.

Rain-Proof Coats and Skirts.

We Pay Express Charges Everywhere.

Write to-day for Catalogue and Samples; you will get them free by return mail. Be sure to mention whether you wish samples for suits or cloaks, so that we can send you a full line of exactly what you desire.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.

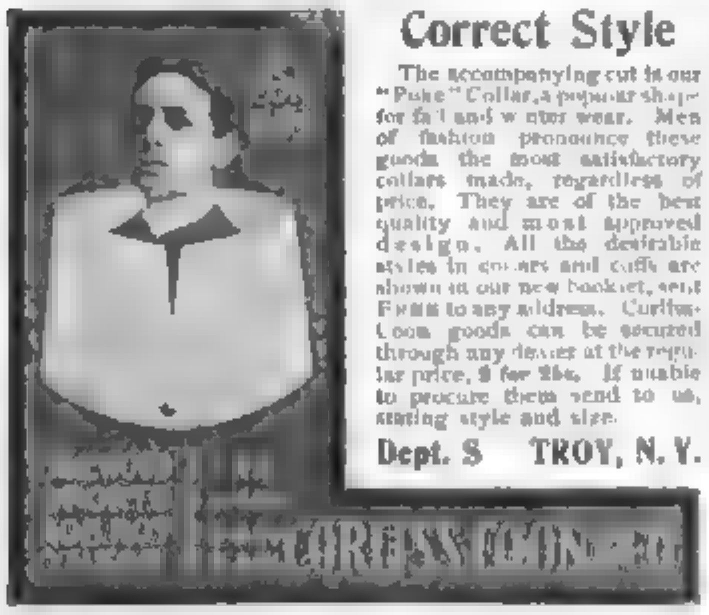


RUBIFOAM
the DELICIOUS DENTIFRICE

No excuse for bad teeth now-a-days. RUBIFOAM is too pleasant and easy to use and is only 25 cents a bottle.

Sample vial free.

E. W. Hoyt & Co., Lowell, Mass.



Correct Style

The accompanying cut is our "Poke" Collar, a popular shape for fall and winter wear. Men of fashion pronounce these goods the most satisfactory collars made, regardless of price. They are of the best quality and most approved design. All the desirable styles in collars and cuffs are shown in our new booklet, sent FREE to any address. Corliss-Coon goods can be secured through any dealer at the regular price, 2 for 25c. If unable to procure them send to us, stating style and size.

Dept. S TROY, N. Y.

We Carpet Your Floor For $3.00

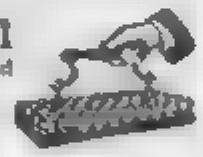
To introduce our new, serviceable and healthful

Brusselette Art Rugs

Attractive and [illegible] sizes and in all colors and sizes [illegible] clean and warranted to outwear higher-priced carpets. Sent prepaid to any point east of the Rocky Mountains. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Illustrated catalogue showing rugs in actual colors sent free.

SANITARY MFG. COMPANY, 48 Bourse Bldg., Philada., Pa.
ELEGANT ENOUGH FOR ANY HOME

Individual Communion Outfits Send for *free* catalogue and list of users.
SANITARY COMMUNION OUTFIT CO
Box 304 Rochester N Y



Tales of Old Turley

(Concluded from Page 9)

kind of feeling that I was taking bites out of Rufus. I have him sort of identified with it in my mind."

Then Captain Bluitt took down his volume of Cicero and began to read the concluding pages of *De Divinatione*.

On the day before the election Colonel Bly the Democratic boss, who was staying at the Eagle Hotel in Turley, found himself far from well. The Colonel did not often meddle directly with small local elections such as that in which Turley was about to engage but he was filled with malignant animosity for Davis Cook, the plain-spoken plumber who had denounced him in church meeting, and he knew that, with fair play, the chance was good that Davis would be successful. So he had run down to Turley to lend the influence of his presence to the struggle in which his serfs were engaged, and to give to them the benefit of his counsel and of his trained experience if there should be necessity to resort to bold measures to overthrow the insolent plumber.

It was the frequent practice of the Colonel to turn aside from the task of directing the government of his dominions and to seek recuperation and diversion in the generous consumption of fluids of an exhilarating nature. This propensity was well known to his subjects and those of them who were thoroughly loyal to him seemed to discover in it one more reason why they should give him a full measure of devotion. They recognized the fact that no one man can have absolutely all the virtues; and that so great a man as the Colonel should be overborne now and then by so amiable and pardonable a weakness made him really more admirable. When the word went around among his faithful followers that "the old man" was "having one of his spells," every man of them, from Billy Grimes downward, smiled in a sad sort of way and wondered what would become of the commonwealth if the Colonel, one day, in the crisis of one of his spells, should be whisked off into eternity.

It was one of the milder of his spells that assailed the Colonel at the Eagle Hotel, and it soon passed off.

Later in the day the local committee, headed by Billy Grimes, met in Colonel Bly's apartment to give to him an account of the movement of the campaign, to sum up results, and to make final arrangements for the operations of to-morrow.

Billy Grimes sat at the table and handled the papers, and from time to time "workers" came in to bring reports and to receive instructions.

Mr. Grimes was fully acquainted with the facts respecting the situation in all the wards, and he considered the prospect for his party more than encouraging everywhere but in the Third Ward, where Davis Cook, the Whig candidate, the personal enemy of the revered head of the party, was conducting his battle with such energy and spirit as surprised even the persons who had never suspected the plumber of being a torpid person.

Davis had called at every house in the ward; he had shaken hands with all the men, said gracious words to all the women whom he could see, patted all the children who could walk, kissed nearly all the infants in arms, smiled at the grandmothers, given cigars to all the grandfathers who smoked, and in several instances had gratuitously supplied invaluable professional advice to the hired girls about bath-boilers, spigots and water backs. He had made a contribution to the Baptist organ fund; bought six tickets for the Methodist fair; taken fifteen chances in a contest for a gold watch at the Catholic festival; and fixed all the gas-lights for nothing in the room where the Lutherans held their concert; and not only had he used the plain language successfully when arranging with the Friends for repairing the spouting on the meeting-house, but he threw off half his bill when he presented it for payment.

During the campaign he rescued Jacob Gessler's little girl from a dog that had attacked her; helped John Dunglinson's wife to mend the harness on her horse when a break occurred in front of Robinson's grocery; lent Joe Blumenthal five dollars to pay a bill that was pressing him; went bail for two Democrats who were arrested for fighting; gave the colored Ebenezer Church a new and brilliantly red cushion for the pulpit; bought a set of American colors for the Turley boat-club; presented Shakespeare's works bound in blue and gold and with notes to the Garrick Dramatic Club, and drove home Mrs. McMinniss' cow when he found her astray.

"He is putting up a stiff fight," said Billy Grimes to Colonel Bly as the story of these achievements was related.

There were two hundred and twenty Democrats in the Third Ward. The reports showed that nine of these were away from town and would not be home until after the election.

It had been ascertained, also, that five Democrats, hitherto faithful, had declared openly for Davis and would surely vote for him. One of these was Jacob Gessler, who was impelled by gratitude for the rescue of his child. The other four belonged to the same lodge as Davis. Three other Democrats were sick abed.

Thus Mr. Grimes discovered that there were only two hundred and three Democrats in the ward upon whose votes he could count with feelings of confidence.

Now it was known that there were in the ward one hundred and eighty-seven Whigs who were at home, in vigorous health, and fully charged with enthusiasm for Davis Cook.

If Davis had had no more voters than these defeat would already be assured; but Mr. Grimes had discovered that twelve Know-Nothings had been seduced from loyalty to their own party and had rallied to the plumber's standard because they were Odd Fellows or Red Men or Knights of Pythias or Sons of America.

Davis Cook, therefore, had one hundred and ninety-nine votes, so far; and the Democratic majority had been whittled down to four, when a worker came into the room with the depressing information that two of the Prohibitionists, the Baptist deacon and one other man, were going to vote for Davis because he was a total abstainer and a pronounced advocate of the temperance cause.

A possible majority of two offered a margin too narrow for safety. Two Democrats might be taken ill, or might be won over by the astonishing allurements presented by Cook, or might drink to excess, or might encounter any one of a thousand possible accidents. More men must be had somewhere.

But where?

There were eight voters in the Almshouse who had been bought up by the Whigs and who had resisted all efforts to induce them to change their minds.

"None of them can read, can they?" asked Billy Grimes of the man who brought him the information.

"No."

"Well, you give some man ten dollars to steal the ballots the Whigs gave them and to put our tickets in their hands."

"No," said Colonel Bly with emphasis; "go to the superintendent and hand him fifty dollars and tell him to threaten the paupers with half rations if they don't vote our way and let him know that he'll lose his job if those fellows vote wrong."

There were six very old and infirm Democrats in the ward, loyal to the party and to the Colonel, who could not walk to the polls, and it was Mr. Grimes' custom to bring them to the polls in carriages.

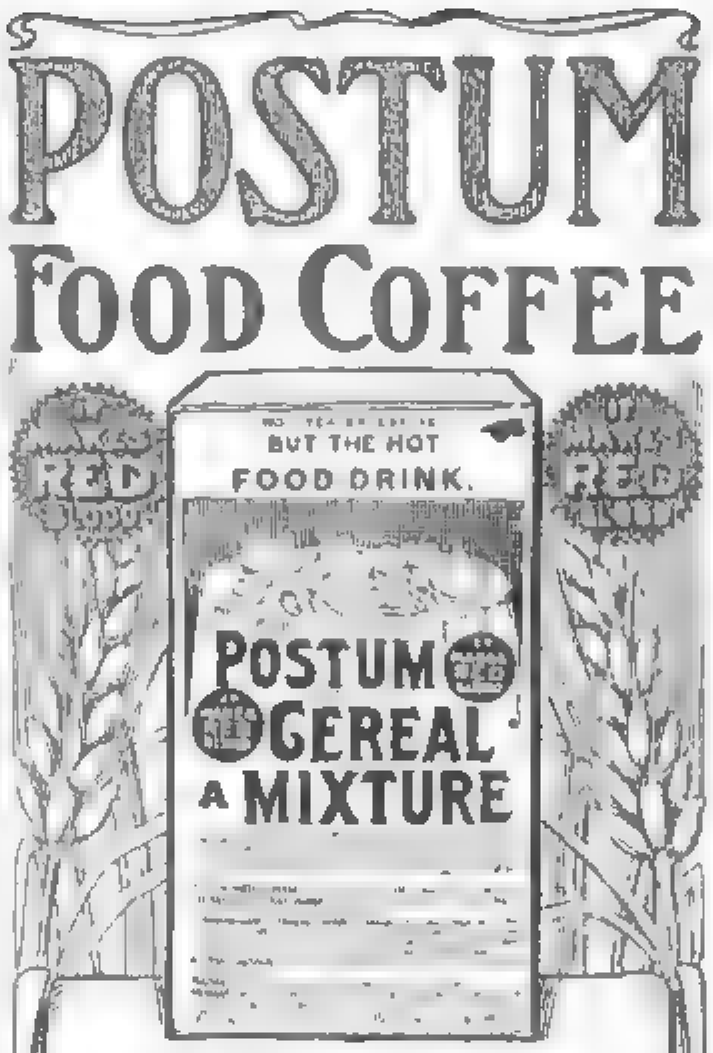
He was disgusted to learn that the Whigs, this year, had hired every public conveyance in the town for the whole of the election day, and that the veteran Democrats would probably have to remain at home. Not a member of the party in Turley owned a carriage. One of Mr. Grimes' lieutenants proposed to bring the veterans around in wheelbarrows: but this suggestion was not accepted, for fear the veterans might regard that method of conveyance as wanting in dignity. Mr. Grimes solved the problem by sending a messenger off to the town of Donovan to engage four Democratic hacks and hack drivers to come up to Turley to stay all night.

By midnight all the reports were in, and victory seemed to be assured for Rufus Potter and the regular ticket. Billy Grimes went home feeling tolerably comfortable, but anxious, and the Colonel retired to rest with the conviction that Billy had not been doing so well lately as he once did.

But, in truth, the Colonel had no good reason for complaint. All the Democrats who were expected to vote for the regular ticket did so, and six of the eight voters in the Almshouse, yielding to threats and solicitation, polled the Democratic ticket. Besides, one of the Prohibitionists suddenly had conscientious scruples in the night about voting the Whig ticket and he backed out. Thus, when the polls closed and the ballots were counted, it was found that Rufus Potter, Captain Bluitt's man-of-all-work, had a majority of fifteen votes.

The American methods of haruspication really seemed to have been defective.

Editor's Note — This story is the last of the Tales of Old Turley.



If Coffee Digests

All is well. About one person in three suffers some form of bodily ail that gradually disappears when coffee is left off entirely.

[illegible] "what to drink" is the question. Postum Food Coffee is the nearest approach in taste (identical when carefully made), but instead of being a drug, it is the highest form of [illegible], fattening and strengthening babies, children and adults.

If you ever tried Postum and got a poor beverage it was because you failed to boil it long enough to bring up the flavor.

Chalk is white

[illegible] the wheat kernel is [illegible] to make white flour [illegible] entirely discarded. On the contrary the

Franklin Mills FLOUR

A Fine Flour of the Entire Wheat

Is produced from the entire wheat berry denuded [illegible]

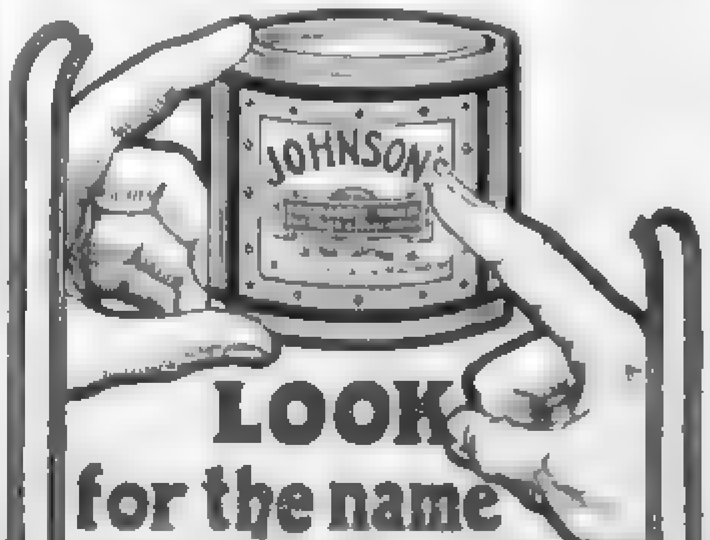
It Contains All the Wheat That's Fit to Eat

If your grocer does not keep it, send us his name and your order—we will see that you are supplied.

See that the Flour delivered bears our label; avoid substitutes. *Booklet Free.*

THE GENUINE MADE ONLY BY

The Franklin Mills Co. Lockport, N. Y.



LOOK for the name

Johnson's Prepared Wax when you want a preparation for your hardwood floors. It [illegible]

[illegible] The Proper Treatment for [illegible]

FLOORS

Our new illustrated catalogue of parquetry sent free, [illegible]

S. C. JOHNSON & SON Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

SOPHOMORES ABROAD

(Concluded from Page 4)

"It's grand and solemn," mamma admitted, "but I think that as a usual thing I'd rather have the people. Some of them are very agreeable."

"Yes," Berri conceded, "but why do the women wear horrible hats?"

"Is that a conundrum?" asked Mildred closing her book.

"No, indeed," Berri declared. "It's a protest, a wail—a cry of anguish from a surcharged heart. There aren't more than three presentable hats on board," he added. This made mamma and Mildred and Miss Dexter laugh.

"Oh, come; we don't like them quite so primitive," said Miss Dexter.

"No, really," Berri went on, "there are just two places in the world that seem to have the strangest effect on women's clothes—one is Paris, and the other is the deck of a ship. In Paris, ordinarily respectable matrons feel called on, for some reason, to rig themselves up like circus riders—oh, I know; I've seen it happen in my own eminently respectable family. And on shipboard they aren't the least ashamed to appear in things that might have come off an ash-heap. They aren't, you know; you can't deny it. That lady over there now who looks like a composite photograph of Savonarola and George Eliot and Louis Philippe; she was rather handsome the first morning, in a bold, rugged way. But look at her—*look* at her! *Why* a brown fore-and-aft cap? *Why* a soiled, pink crocheted thing with glass beads? Then another matter that always baffles me," Berri mused after mamma and Mildred and Miss Dexter had defended their sex, "is why people at sea always take such a hectic interest in things that anywhere else they wouldn't give a thought to. For instance? Well—the way they crowd around the chart every day at noon and solemnly write in their diaries the longitude and latitude we're in—as if they really cared or had any but the sketchiest idea of what the words mean. I don't suppose one in twenty could tell you the longitude and latitude of his own town, which is of much greater importance than a succession of more or less imaginary dots across the Atlantic. Then, too, the frenzy they throw themselves into over trivialities like a smokestack on the horizon, or a whale——"

"I shouldn't call a whale trivial, exactly," Mildred interposed. Just what Berri would have attacked next I don't know, for at this point he exclaimed:

"Here comes Guppy; good-by," and pulled his rug up over his head. Mildred suddenly became absorbed once more in her book and Miss Dexter went instantaneously to sleep. This left only mamma and me to receive Guppy, who was evidently making for us along the rope.

Berri says that "every shipload has its Guppy"—(which sounds vaguely as if it were a quotation from an old English song). Guppy, poor man, was the sort of person who went around all day trying to persuade people to do things they didn't want to. It wasn't the things they really objected to; it was Guppy. And all his little undertakings—his concert and his shuffleboard tournament, his progressive euchre party and his subscription for a widow or an orphan or something in the steerage—fizzled out most pathetically. He couldn't see why it was, and complained that he'd never known such an indifferent, unenthusiastic crowd of people in his life. Berri couldn't endure him from the moment he came up to us on deck, and after asking us if we had "many lady friends on board," murmured, "By the way—I didn't catch your names." As he had never seen us until that instant, of course he hadn't caught our names. I told him what mine was, and as he had us pinned against the rail, Berri—with a crease between his eyebrows and his under lip stuck out—confessed to his. Then Guppy drew a passenger list and a stylographic pen from his pocket and gravely wrote "26" and "27" in front of "Mr. Thomas Wood" and "Mr. Carroll Berrisford."

"You're the twenty-seventh person I've met so far on board," he confided to Berri. "I always make a note of them because the names are rather confusing at first. Then later, when we all get to know one another better I'm going to take a photograph in a group and I have to have the names and addresses so I can send you copies. Of course it will give me a lot of letters to write; but I like to write letters—don't you?"

"I never write letters," replied Berri.

"Never at all—to anybody? Not even to your mother and father?" Guppy asked incredulously.

"My father's dead, and I manage to be with my mother as much as possible so I sha'n't have to write even to her," Berri snapped as he turned his back.

Now, I can't do that sort of thing. I confess that some times when Guppy goaded me to madness I felt like it and thought I was going to; but at the last moment I always ended weakly by being polite to him. And the tragedy of it was that while Guppy pursued me merely because his whole life was one long pursuit—Berri, he quite adored; he used to tell me every day how clever and attractive he considered him.

When he came lurching along the deck that tough afternoon it was to say that he was getting up a little dance for some evening before we landed and to ask us if we wouldn't help him make it a success. It was so like Guppy to hold on to a wet rope with both hands and outline schemes for a little dance. Of course mamma smiled approval and I said I should be delighted (I could hear Berri snigger under his rugs as I said it). Yet although it was perfectly smooth the next evening, and stayed so until the end of the trip, Guppy and I were the only ones who seemed to remember the dance or the tournament or the card-party or the photographic group. It was not only embarrassing—it was sad. But Berri thought I was ridiculous to bore myself and waste sympathy on Guppy, who, he said, was by far the happiest person on the ship. All this sounds as if Berri were rather bad tempered and hard to get along with. Yet, as a matter of fact, everybody liked him and he scarcely ever had any time to himself. There was always a flock of children pawing him, or sitting around his chair while he read Dickens' History of England to them; and he spent part of every morning in hearing two old ladies recite the French Meisterschaft System.

"They're really getting along very nicely," he used to tell me, "only they will say '*très beaucoup*,' and think it's neither natural nor proper that 'cat' should be masculine."

Toward the end of the week people began to sniff the land and grow restless. Of course I was eager to see land myself, but at the same time I couldn't help resenting a little the new interest that was bringing the long, lazy days and romantic nights to an end.

Ireland was but a faint, tantalizing shadow against a silver-gray fog. We missed half of dinner waiting for it to emerge; but it wouldn't. And the next day we steamed between the flat, shabby shores of the Mersey to Liverpool. As we hung over the rail waiting for the trunks to be taken off, the people on the landing-stage below looked delightfully familiar to me. I had known all the stolid Bobbies and trim, vivid Tommies so intimately in picture books and plays! The perfect order—the solemnity almost—with which we were landed was what I had, somehow, expected of England. When a big policeman held up a hand like a ham and the crowd fell back; when two ponderous doors swung open and a procession of gigantic horses led by porters in corduroy and drawing little drays came tramping in ("down to the footlights" I almost wrote), I wondered if Berri and I weren't, after all, sitting in the front row of the Bowdoin Square Theatre.

A most embarrassing thing happened at the custom-house. It seemed particularly bad because the officials were all so polite and considerate. As there were very few people whose names began with W, our trunks were marked and passed through almost immediately, and I went over to the B section to see how Berri and his aunt were progressing. They seem to take one's word in England, for the examination was a mere matter of form. Berri had just declared that his trunks contained no spirits, perfumery, dutiable books, tobacco, cigarettes or cigars, and the inspector had handed him back his keys and passed on to Aunt Josephine. He asked the same questions of her in the politest and most perfunctory way possible, and then—simply to remain within the law—threw back the lid of her steamer-trunk. On the top tray were two large boxes of cigars, three tins of tobacco and a decorative assortment of cigarettes. He looked jovially at poor Miss Berrisford for a moment (she had turned to look anything but jovially at Berri) and I think he winked at her.

"I say—she does smoke good ones, doesn't she!" he chuckled, as he gathered up the smuggled treasure.

With the Morning Cup,
With the Mid-day Lunch
With the Evening Tea
There's Nothing Like Crisp, Dainty
Bremner's Butter Wafers

Pears'

Few people know the comfort and beauty of perfect natural skin.

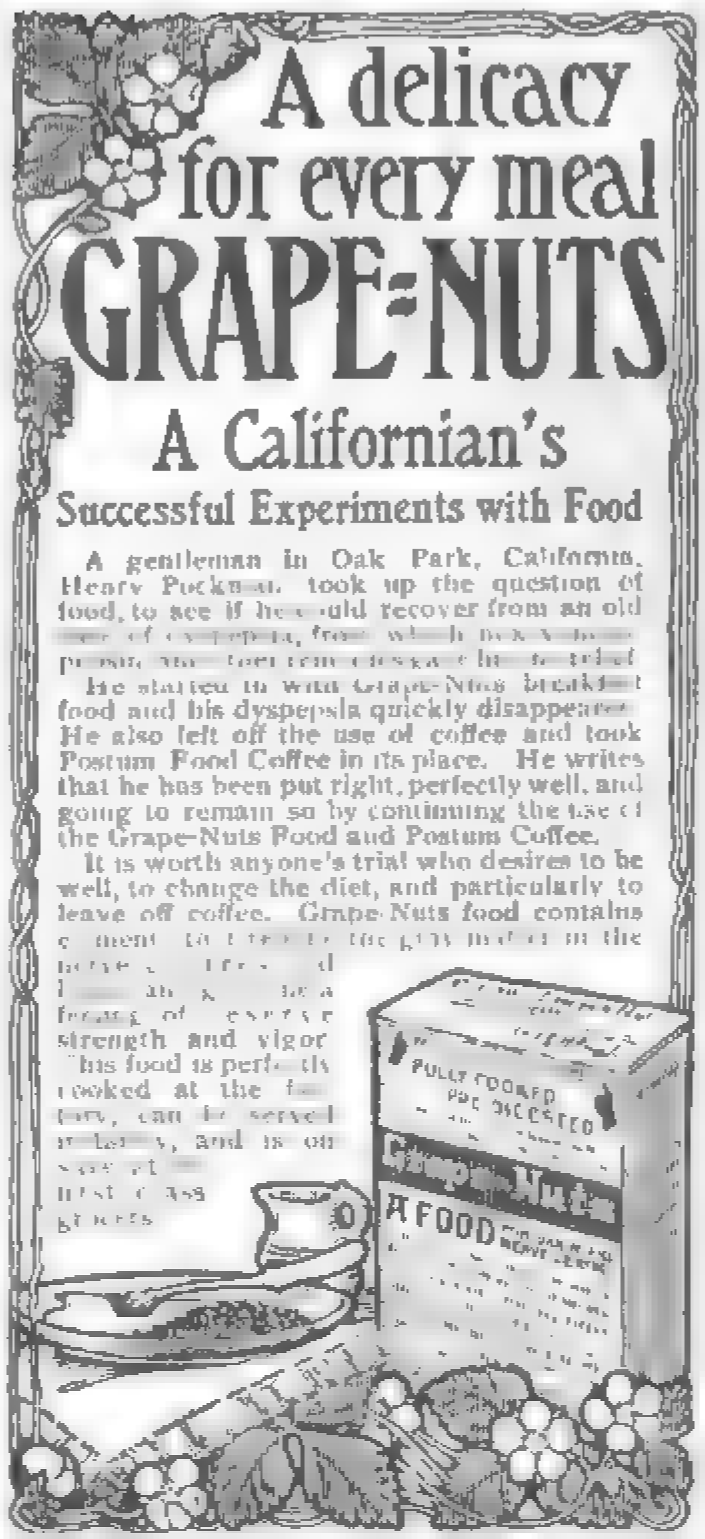
Have you used Pears' soap?

Sold all over the world

False Colors.
Many *Soapless* Powders masquerading as *Soap Powders*. Either they possess little cleansing power, or are merely chemicals.
PEARLINE is a true soap powder,—built on soap with other things added, that double its effectiveness. PEARLINE is improved soap,—soap with more working power, more economy. 655

SAVE ½ YOUR FUEL
THE ROCHESTER RADIATOR
will do it.
Cost $2.00 and up.
Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet on economy in heating homes.
ROCHESTER RADIATOR CO.
11 Furnace St., Rochester, N. Y.

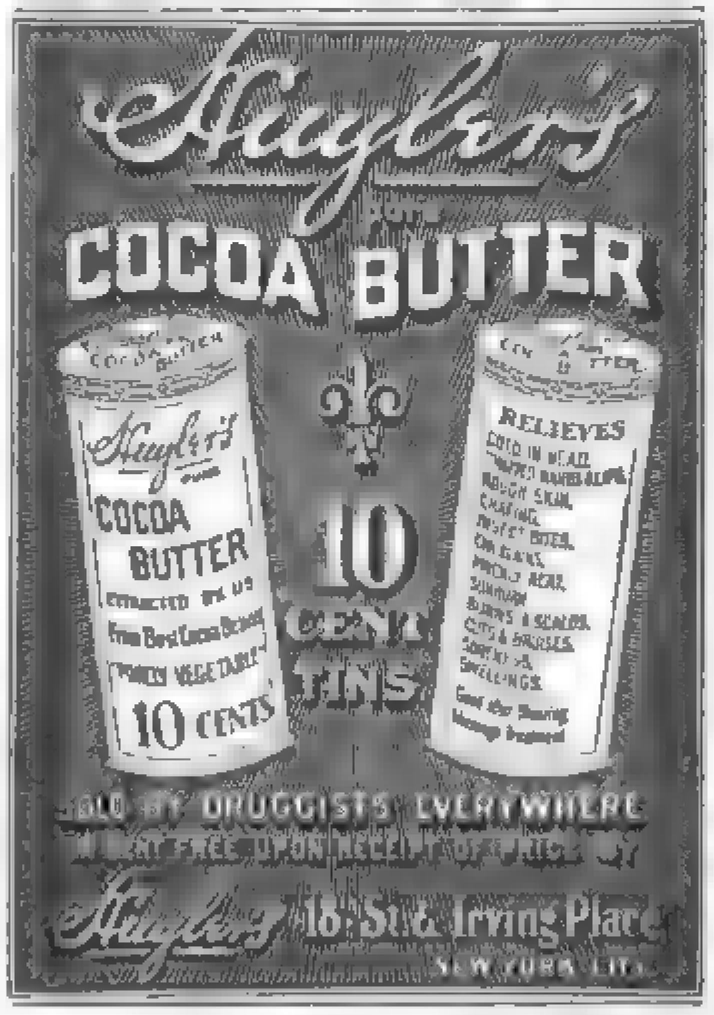
Catalog of 3000 MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS FREE
OUR PRICES ARE SURE TO INTEREST YOU.
J. M. Hanson's Magazine Agency, Lexington, Ky.

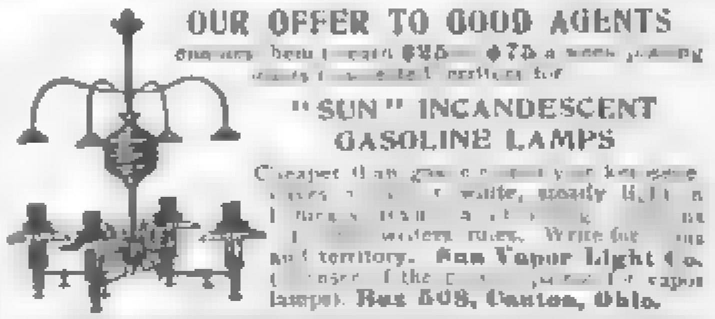

A delicacy for every meal
GRAPE-NUTS
A Californian's Successful Experiments with Food

A gentleman in Oak Park, California, Henry Pockman, took up the question of food, to see if he could recover from an old case of dyspepsia, from which [illegible]

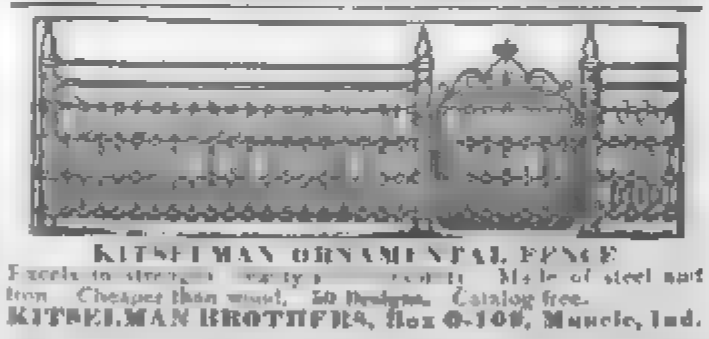
He started in with Grape-Nuts breakfast food and his dyspepsia quickly disappeared. He also left off the use of coffee and took Postum Food Coffee in its place. He writes that he has been put right, perfectly well, and going to remain so by continuing the use of the Grape-Nuts Food and Postum Coffee.

It is worth anyone's trial who desires to be well, to change the diet, and particularly to leave off coffee. Grape-Nuts food contains elements to rebuild the gray matter in the [illegible] strength and vigor. This food is perfectly cooked at the factory, can be served instantly, and is on sale at first class grocers.




OUR OFFER TO GOOD AGENTS
"SUN" INCANDESCENT GASOLINE LAMPS
[illegible] Write for [illegible] and territory. Sun Vapor Light Co. [illegible] Box 508, Canton, Ohio.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
A Free Sample for his Name
Ralston
Purina Mills
St. Louis, Mo.
THE 5 MINUTE BREAKFAST FOOD


KITSELMAN ORNAMENTAL FENCE
Excels in strength, [illegible]. Made of steel and iron. Cheaper than wood. 50 Designs. Catalog free.
KITSELMAN BROTHERS, Box C-106, Muncie, Ind.

POULTRY PAPER, illustrated, 20 pages, 25 cents per year. [illegible] 10 cents. Sample free. 64-page practical poultry book free to yearly subscribers. Book alone 10 cents. Catalogue of poultry books free.
POULTRY ADVOCATE, Syracuse, N. Y.

Rinehart's
Indian Calendar
FOR 1902

Four new and attractive subjects in colors and native costume.

Four sheets 11 x 14, on heavy art paper tied with silk cord. Sent securely packed, prepaid on receipt of

25c

Rinehart's 80-page illustrated Indian Catalogue 10 cents.

F. A. RINEHART, Photographer
1534 Douglas Street, Omaha, Nebr.

Whist Lessons Free.

A $20.00 series of Whist Lessons by mail, free, with each set of Paine's Whist Trays bought from your dealer. Write us for particulars. Our booklet, "Simple Whist," teaches principles of the game in an evening. Mailed for 2-cent stamp.

PAINE'S DUPLICATE WHIST TRAYS.

DEALER
PAINE TRAY.

Neat, Compact, Durable — most satisfactory for playing Duplicate Whist. Cards are easily inserted and securely held.

Every detail patented. Infringements prosecuted.

Sold by dealers, or write

The U. S. Playing Card Co., Dept. 38, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Max Adeler's New Book
(Parts of which have been published in this magazine)
Captain Bluitt
A Tale of Old Turley
Is Now Ready. Price $1.50

For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent to any address by the publishers.

HENRY T. COATES & CO., Philadelphia

Get the Best
Brown's
Famous
Pictures

One cent each. 120 for $1.
Size 5½ x 8. 2000 subjects.
Reproductions of the world's famous paintings, architecture, etc. 300 on life of Christ. 200 Madonnas. Hundreds of new subjects. Send 4c. in stamps for 4 sample pictures and 32-page Catalogue illustrated with 20 pictures.

G. P. BROWN & CO.
Beverly, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN
For the splendidly illustrated and wonderfully popular new book
THIRTY YEARS IN WASHINGTON

By **MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN.** It portrays the inner life, wonderful activities, marvels and mysteries of the Capital as a famous and highly privileged woman sees them. Beautifully illustrated (50 Plates) by Government consent and aid. ☞**Sold by agents only.** 81st thousand. ☞A few more reliable agents wanted, both men and women, but only one agent in a place. ☞Some of our agents are making $100 a month. ☞*Distance no hindrance for we Pay Freight, Give Credit, Extra Terms, and guarantee Exclusive Territory.* Address

A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

Duplicate Whist Set
Complete for $1.00

12 Boards, Score Sheets, Counters, etc. Full instructions for playing. In handsome, strong box. Sent by mail or prepaid express on receipt of price.

BROOKS, BONNELL & CO., 93 Broad St., Boston

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFACTORY

PAYS To write for our 260-page free book Tells how men with small capital can make money with a MAGIC LANTERN or STEREOPTICON.

McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., New York

Literary Folk
Their Ways & Their Work

The Writing of Lazarre

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood was recently asked by a friend how long she had been at work on her latest novel, Lazarre, the story of the lost Dauphin. Her reply was:

"Ever since I was a slip of a girl I devoured everything that came to my hands that had about it the slightest touch of romance. One day I chanced upon an old magazine and read with an eagerness not to be forgotten an article which discussed the question, "Have we a Dauphin among us?" The romantic possibilities of the situation dwelt upon in that essay captivated my girlish imagination and its fascination never wholly deserted me. But the charm of the mystery of the lost Dauphin was strongly revived, in later years, when certain family connections repeated to me the traditions of Eleazar Williams, and told me of the personal knowledge which various members of our family had had concerning him. This seemed to bring the Dauphin almost into my own personal experience, and from that time forward the story has been slowly growing and ripening in my thought."

But the severest problem came in providing a dénouement which should satisfy her sense of artistic proportion. History and tradition conspired to urge an intensely dashing and theatrical finale. Repeatedly she wrote the closing chapter and as often destroyed it. In desperation, she sought temporary diversion from her task and attended a lecture of Mr. Frederic Harrison. Suddenly, as this distinguished essayist and scholar began to marshal his "Positivist" arguments, an ending for her story flashed upon Mrs. Catherwood, and she left the hall without remembering so much as the subject of the lecture. Every detail of the novel's climax crowded into her view as she hurried to her home, feeling the weight of a year's exacting labor lift from her shoulders.

Though Mrs. Catherwood is unable to tell what was the word of the British author-lecturer which broke the spell that had been holding back the finale of her story, she declares that she owes him a debt of gratitude which she can never pay—and of which he has been wholly unconscious!

The Man with Twenty Bicycles

The good of money is to get things you want. This is the creed of Mr. Harry Stillwell Edwards, the Georgia novelist.

Mr. Edwards decided to write a story in competition for a $10,000 prize offered by a newspaper for the best American story of mystery. Mr. Edwards was a writer of Southern verse, and of dialect stories of that picturesque people of the South known as Georgia Crackers. He surprised his friends by saying that his wife had furnished a splendid plot for the tale of mystery that he was to offer.

The couple went to work enthusiastically on the story, entitled it Sons and Fathers, and it won the first prize.

To the question, What will you do with the money? the Edwardses said not a word. Weeks passed and the curiosity of the townspeople was still on edge. Then, one day, an express wagon delivered twenty crated bicycles before the Edwards piazza.

"Every single relative of mine," said Mr. Edwards, "has wanted a bicycle, and not one of them would have a poor wheel. There are twenty of us, all told, in the two families, and so when I got a check for $10,000 I just sent $2000 to the best bicycle firm in the country, and got twenty one-hundred-dollar bicycles. And what's money for, if it isn't to get what you want?"

❧

Some of the New Books

LIFE EVERLASTING: *John Fiske.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY: *Cambridge Edition.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE CENTURY BOOK FOR MOTHERS: *Leroy Milton Yale and Gustav Pollak.* The Century Company.

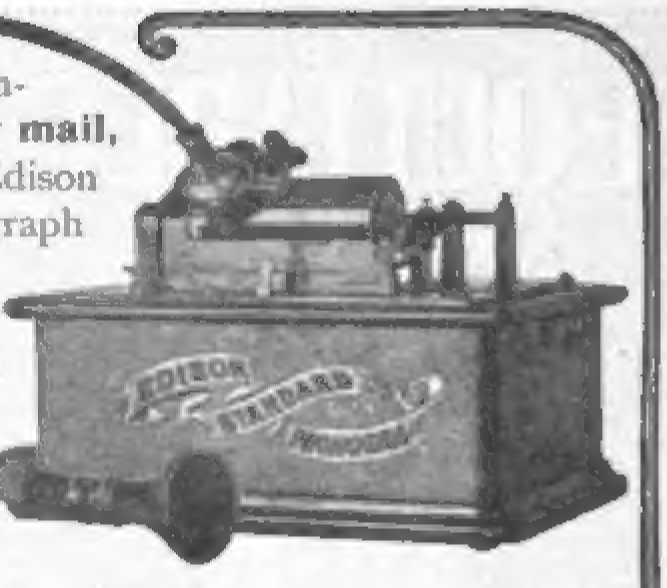
GOD SAVE THE KING: *Ronald MacDonald.* The Century Company.

WOMAN AND THE LAW: *George James Bayles.* The Century Company.

CIRCUMSTANCES: *S. Weir Mitchell.* The Century Company.

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH: *Alice Caldwell Hegan.* The Century Company.

THE SECRET ORCHARD: *Agnes and Egerton Castle.* Frederick A. Stokes Company.



WORD *for* WORD

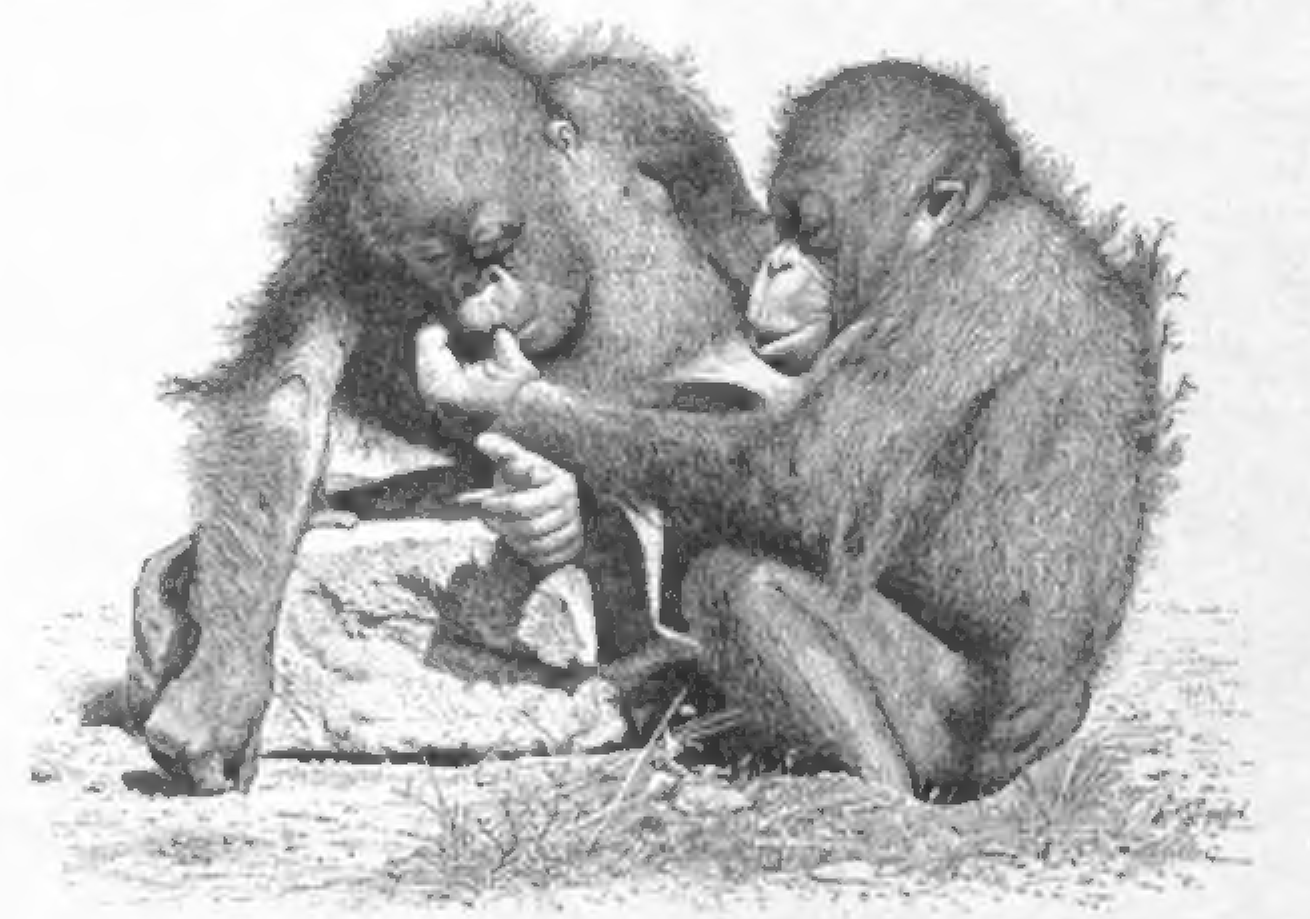
By our methods of teaching language **by mail,** furnishing an Edison Standard Phonograph for each student, the professor's voice and accent are accurately reproduced over and over — the teacher never tires, never makes a mistake.

This is the only successful way for you to

Learn a Modern Language by Mail

The famous **I. C. S.** instruction papers, the simplest, clearest teaching by the printed page, make our students proficient in reading and writing a language; phonographic records make him a fluent speaker. French, German and Spanish courses. Write for free circular.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.



All About Wild Animals
The NEW Natural History

By RICHARD LYDEKKER, F. R. S., assisted by more than a score of the ablest naturalists in the world, is the latest and best work of its kind. It is a fascinating wonder-book, telling about all the marvels of the animal world, many of which have been but recently discovered. It is strictly scientific, yet written in a style that is so pleasing and simple that children can read and understand and delight in it.

ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON

in his introduction to the work, calls it "Easily the best and most reliable work in the field of popular Natural History."

All the different sorts of animals are described and compared, from polyp to pachyderm: How they are related to each other; how they come to differ so widely from one another; how they protect and care for their young; how and where they make their homes; how they rule their communities; the different part of the world that each sort inhabits; their methods of moving about; their migrations from place to place; the uses of their odd limbs and singular faculties; their wonderful intelligence in their own ways of life; what they eat and their wise ways of getting it; how they quarrel and battle among themselves; how they shrewdly defend themselves against their foes; how they are hunted and trapped; how they serve man with food, shelter, clothing, finery and other useful and beautiful things; all these interesting matters and many more are fully told about.

Magnificent Colored Pictures

The work is in six royal octavo volumes of over 500 pages each. They are beautifully but substantially bound in half-morocco, with gold backs. There are over 2200 illustrations—the most magnificent set of animal pictures ever made. Many of them are **full-page Colored Plates** in from ten to sixteen colors.

Special Offer:
Half-Price and Little Payments

We have made a special arrangement with the publishers, by which we are permitted to form a club for the taking of a limited number of sets of the work at **one-half** their regular selling price. If you apply at once, you can secure a set by paying $1 club fee and $2 a month for fifteen months—the club fee of $1 being the only payment required before the complete set is sent to you. This offer will remain open only so long as our supply of sets shall last. If you want more details before ordering, send your name and address on this three-cornered ticket. You will receive **free** a beautiful sample-page book and a fuller account of the nature of the work.

JOHN WANAMAKER
PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK

S. E. P.
11-2

JOHN
WANAMAKER
PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK

Without cost to me, please send specimen-page book of the NEW NATURAL HISTORY, containing samples of the full-page color-plates, text illustrations and text pages, and full particulars of the club.

Name ....

Inquiry Ticket Address ....

The Run of the Red Salmon

(Continued from Page 11)

With May came the days of expectancy, for on all sides the trap men were rushing their work to completion, and speculation as to the summer's run was now the only topic. Harvey heard stories of great runs and resultant fortunes, and tales of short runs and the losing of traps built from hard-earned savings.

The three owners had agreed that two should remain always by the trap, one only at a time returning ashore. Each day the cannery tugs went among the traps, every tug having a certain number to visit, and each day one of the three owners went ashore. As the May days slipped by Harvey felt a certain sense of depression.

June 1 came, and the trap nets swung lazily in the tide. June 15 came, and a few royal Chinooks played deep in the heart of the trap, and Harvey's heart beat high for a day. Then as a few hundred salmon were taken out and sent to the cannery, word came from other traps of frightfully light catches, and gloom settled over the men at the nets.

"Can it be a famine year?" said Webster to his partner. "Don't let the boy know yet. It will cruelly hurt him."

But Harvey saw the troubled looks and did some thinking for himself. Finally he asked his brother why, if the fish were apt to run lightly, a trap man should trust all his chances to a single pound-net.

"Suppose the fish run good for but one hour," said Harvey. "If you could store them in two or three nets in the water you could save them. Now, when your pound-net is full you must close your trap and let the other salmon run by. In that way you cannot take any more salmon till a tug comes and brings you an empty scow to put 'em in."

"That's an old flaw in the system," said Webster. "You are not the first to discover it."

"Well, we can be the first to remedy it," replied Harvey.

"Now you're talking business. Just elaborate your plans;" and the elder brother smiled complacently at the lad.

"Well, back East they have lobster cars that hold lobsters alive till they are needed. Why can't you hang another pound-net outside this one. Let it hang limp in the center till the heart is full and then spill the salmon into it. They couldn't drag it down, and after the heart was emptied into a scow, the extra net could spill its fish back into the heart, and that could be again raised and emptied into the scow."

Webster did not smile at this, for the suggestion was practical. The more he thought of it the better he thought of it. Next day the third partner was told of the plan, and eagerly moved for its adoption.

Taking the money received from the small catch of Chinook they bought second-hand nets and fashioned their spare pound-"Spiller," Harvey named it.

Then Webster went to the cannery with which he had contracted and made a new agreement, which secured a market for all the sockeye salmon his trap and spiller should take. As the cannery manager anticipated a short run he signed at fifteen cents a salmon.

But hopes built to unusual heights the sooner become dizzy. They set July 10 as the utmost limit for the run of the sockeyes—the wealth-bringing run of the red salmon—and as the days went by bringing it nearer they felt the anxiety of waiting. Day by day they inspected their nets to find them swinging idly on the sides, and at noon the sun poured down till the bottom of the heart net was visible, stout and strong, but empty.

July 10 came and went, and July 15 found trap men up and down the waterways selling out to the canneries. July 20 found the three owners of the Alden trap moodily tramping the deck of their scow, their faces pale with the despair they could not hide.

As the afternoon of the twenty-third was drawing wearily to its close a tug threw a line to the Alden scow. The captain was quite communicative.

"The canneries have posted notices that their offers for traps will be withdrawn after noon to-morrow," said he. "You fellows better get under cover unless you've got capital to tide you till next season."

This gloomy advice, to men who had put their all into the trap, was backed up by more pessimistic rumors, to the effect that the reckless taking of fish during former seasons had exhausted the supply.

The third partner had agreed that no sale should take place unless Webster consented. But in the face of the depressing situation he frankly counseled a sale.

"Go ashore and get their best offer," said Webster reluctantly. "Harvey and I will be ready to talk business when you return."

Left to their solitude, the brothers ate their supper in moody silence. Nature alone seemed kind to them. The Sound lay before the sunset with all the blue and metallic tints of beaten copper. The sunset itself flung out all its warm reds, and the two watchers felt its soothing touch.

Webster was silent. With him affairs were at a crisis, and he was not ready for words. He watched the sun drop down into the ocean, carrying its glory and his own hopes with it. Somewhere in the Orient there was a glorious dawn, but in Webster's heart it was night.

They spread their blankets side by side and lay looking up at the stars. The only sound in their expanse of water was an occasional splash of a trout and the rippling of the tide by the scow.

"Harvey, it's hard to face the music this way. It would be a relief to end it some way. Tell me, boy, frankly, shall we sell?"

"No. We'll cut Harvard out for this year. I'll not have you sacrifice so much for me. I ought to share the risk of loss when you have offered me a share of the possible gains."

Webster laid a hand on the shoulder beside him and shook it gently. He could not speak for a tickling in his throat.

"I had already decided to see it out," said Webster after a long silence. "I dreaded to have to oppose you, but I was ready to do so if you weakened. I know it means the possible loss of Harvard to you, boy, but think what it means to me! You don't know it, but Alice—you know who—Alice Tremont—has been counting on this run as much as I. I've made her think there was no such thing as failure. And she has written—that the wedding—can be at Christmas——"

A hand went out from the younger brother's blanket and settled over the elder's lips. Then two arms went about a strong man and a head nestled to his neck. Side by side, with Puget Sound as their cradle and the North Pacific stars for their canopy, the brothers slept.

At dawn Harvey awoke with a start, and sat up feeling that some noise had roused him. The mist of early morning was gleaming on his blanket and the deck of the scow was wet. He groped in thought for his bearings, when suddenly a great splash behind him brought him to his feet. Looking he saw that there was foam on the water in the trap. With his senses reeling with the possibilities of the moment he crossed the scow and peered through the net. There, in the heart, their lead-colored backs writhing and twisting almost to the surface, were the salmon!

"Webb! They've come! The salmon! The salmon!"

Webster opened his eyes to see a boy waving his arms and shouting incoherently, but one glance at the trap told him the truth.

"Boy, you're a rich man;" and the brothers clasped hands in the moment of their victory.

It was evident to Webster that the fish were still entering the trap. There was no time to lose, and the brothers promptly opened the heart, till the spiller was filled and before their wondering eyes the heart again filled.

"A hundred thousand salmon! Boy, each fish means fifteen cents as soon as a tug comes with scows, and that means $15,000 at the cannery. Which one of us rows six miles to the dock? The first trap to report a catch gets the first scows."

Harvey rowed, leaving the more experienced man to watch the nets.

At Harvey's message the tug raced back for scows, and in an hour all the canneries knew that the red salmon were running.

Twenty times in twenty days did the Alden trap fill its heart and spiller, till on the books at the cannery the lucky owners had $300,000 to their credit. Then, when the run was over, they took stock of their position and sold the trap for its full worth. The run of the red salmon, though late, was a record breaker.

"You can go to Harvard, and good luck to you," said Webster as he handed Harvey a check, for the brothers divided their half of the proceeds equally.

But somehow the glint of the sun on a red-tiled roof had gotten into the boy's heart. He took his cardinal flag with its white S to a Stanford girl and she embroidered a cardinal salmon across its base.

That's how Harvey Alden came to be called "The Red Salmon" at Stanford.

THE EQUITABLE
"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"

$1
a week will about pay the premium on an Endowment Policy for $1,000. A small amount you say. It may appear to your eyes like this.
$1
Twenty years from now however when the policy matures, you may need the money, and the amount of the policy will look like this
$1,000.00
In addition to the face of the policy, accumulated profits are paid. If you would like further information fill up and mail coupon below.

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY, Dept. No. 30
120 Broadway, New York.

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for $..........if issued to a man..........years of age.

Name ....

Address ....

INCREASE YOUR SALARY!
Send 25 Cents today for a Four Months' Trial Subscription to
The Book-Keeper
A handsome monthly magazine for Book-keepers, Cashiers and Business Men. It will teach Book-keeping, Shorthand, Penmanship, Law, Short Cuts, Corporation Accounting, Banking, etc.
Subscribers to The Book-Keeper, who are in doubt or difficulty, have the privilege of our advice and assistance FREE OF CHARGE.
The Book-Keeper Pub. Co., Ltd.
118 Campau Building, Detroit, Mich.

Turn back this page. There's something on the other side of it that will interest you.
John Wanamaker

The Jewett

"Best in the World"
The Jewett is known and used the world over. It possesses points of superiority that recommend it to all business men. Write for our Free Catalogue which tells the truth about it.
Jewett Typewriter Co.
611-615 Locust St., Des Moines, Iowa, U.S.A.

C. E. McGURRIN, holder of world's speed record, using the
"FAY-SHO" TYPEWRITER
(Formerly the "——Sho")
McGurrin's record—memorized matter, 212 words; new matter from dictation, 148 words—each in a single minute. Time test for three hours, 119 words per minute. All made upon the "Fay-Sho." The speed test involves every point that makes a perfect typewriter action.
Made by —————— SHOLES COMPANY,
(Name to be changed soon as legally possible.)
127 Rees Street, Chicago, Ill.
NOTE—NAME changes in obedience to a recent decision of United States Circuit Court for Vermont, in Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict vs. Howe Scale Company. Denying to this company the use of the name of its founder and General Manager upon its machine.
MACHINE unchanged.
FREE Write us Dept. O for McGurrin's Booklets on Speed Writing, Billing, Card Index Writing, etc.

THE LIGHT OF TYPEWRITING
HARTFORD TYPEWRITERS

THE ACME OF PERFECTION

Made with either single or double keyboard, guaranteed for rapidity and durability, price $60. Send for catalogue to
Hartford Typewriter Company
471 Capitol Avenue Hartford, Ct., U. S. A.

What is Schapirograph?

It's the latest multicopier, the one reproducing BLACK penwritten, also purple typewriter, copies WITHOUT printing ink or stencil. No press, no washing. 20 facsimiles a minute, limit 150 from one writing.
Price for Complete Apparatus, Cap Size, $8.00.
☞TO PROVE that the SCHAPIROGRAPH is superior to any other duplicator, we are willing to send this outfit at OUR RISK, EXPRESS PREPAID, on 5 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. No obligation is involved if returned and found unsatisfactory.
The Schapirograph Co., K 265 Broadway, New York

LETTERS COPIED WHILE WRITING with an ordinary pen; no press, brush or water. Any one using our PEN-CARBON LETTER BOOK has a perfect copy of every letter, bill, etc., he writes, without losing time in copying. A valuable record book. If your stationer does not keep it, write for free samples of work. Beware of infringements. Address Dept. G.
Pen-Carbon Manifold Co., 145-7-9 Centre Street, New York

Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

Mining for Rubies

One advantage gained by the victory of the British over King Thebaw, of Burmah, some years ago, was the acquisition of the famous ruby mines, from which had come the finest "pigeon-blood" stones in the world, and it was expected that an immense treasure of these gems would be found in the royal palace. But, although in the looting of the monarch's hastily-abandoned residence, jars filled with rubies were discovered, nearly all of them were of little value, being flawed and in other respects poor specimens.

It was a great disappointment. Nevertheless, confidence in the resources of the mines was unshaken, and capitalists in England were so eager to buy shares in a company organized to exploit the ruby fields that the police were obliged to defend, with drawn clubs, the officers of the concern against a swarm of half-crazed would-be investors.

Shares in the enterprise were boomed to astonishing figures, but tumbled alarmingly when news began to leak out that the ruby craze was likely to prove a bubble. Mining had been begun on an extensive scale, but somehow the gems did not materialize, and it looked as though the fields were much less valuable than had been supposed, or as if the deposits had been exhausted. After some years investors made up their minds that their money was as good as lost. Hence the great and delightful surprise conveyed by the recent intelligence that the mines have begun to pay dividends.

Experience has taught improved methods of mining, and an electrical power plant has been set up by the company for washing the ruby-bearing earth, called "byou." This byou is widely distributed throughout the Mogok Valley. Natives have worked the upper crust of it for centuries, and the idea now in view is to get at the lower levels and dig down to bed-rock, where, because of their weight, the largest crystals are likely to be found. A fine stone of twenty-eight carats was picked up recently, and its value may be imagined from the fact that a ruby of one carat is worth four times as much as a diamond of the same size.

The British company (as reported by Mr. G. F. Kunz to the Geological Survey) is now producing fully one-half of the world's yield of rubies, and its leases are said to include practically all of the ruby-bearing territory of Burmah.

Artificial Building Stone

Artificial stone is coming into use more and more widely every year. For pavements it is rapidly supplanting all other materials, including brick and the natural article, and much of it is being utilized nowadays in the building of houses, newly-discovered processes having so far improved the product as to render it actually more durable than real stone, and in some cases quite as handsome.

There are several patented processes for the manufacture of sandstone, the raw materials employed being chiefly sand and lime in one shape or another. Granite is reproduced artificially by grinding ordinary granite to a powder, mixing it with clay, and then subjecting molded blocks of it to the action of intense heat.

Imitation marble is obtained by mixing oxide of magnesium with chloride of magnesium, the former being obtained by burning the mineral called "magnesite," and the latter by treating the oxide with hydrochloric acid.

Artificial marble is also produced from ordinary plaster-of-paris, hardened by an admixture of borax and certain other ingredients, and agreeably colored with mineral oxides. For this purpose the oxides of iron and copper are sometimes employed.

It will be observed that the processes used are substantially the same as those employed by Nature in the making of rocks of various kinds. In some cases water is the agent, as with the sedimentary rocks which are laid down, so to speak, at our very doors by skilled artisans with trowel and measuring string. In other instances, as in the case of the imitation granite, the aid of fire is summoned.

Common bricks, as well as the china dishes we use on our tables, are in this latter category, being merely different forms of artificial stone, in the manufacture of which heat is utilized.

We Defy the Cold

Frost King Chamois Vests for Men and Boys are made of chamois, lined with flannel.

Frost Queen Chamois Vests for Women and Girls are made of chamois, covered with French flannel.

(Tailor Made)

Perfect protection against cold and sudden changes — against coughs, colds, pneumonia, and all chest and lung troubles. Just the thing for children going to school. Protect yourself and your children. Enjoy the cold days.

Your druggist should have Frost King and Frost Queen. If not, send us price, **$3.00**, and your chest measure, and we will supply you, express prepaid. Children's sizes, **$2.00.**

"PHYSIQUE — Its Care and Culture."

Valuable information for the care of the body. Scientific rules for exercise. **FREE** for your dealer's name.

BAUER & BLACK 280-290 25th St., Chicago

This is our popular No. 81. Polished linen hose and heavy horsehide combined with removable swivel.

Double Swing Strop

Price $1.50.

Other grades of this same pattern at 50 cents and $1.00.

CATALOGUE FREE, showing illustrations of our whole line of **Torrey Strops** with **prices.** See back of catalogue and learn how to **hone** your razor. 'Twill save you money.

Send 4c. for sample Torrey Strop Dressing. Good for any strop. Where dealers haven't Torrey Strops we sell direct, postpaid, at same prices.

J. R. TORREY & CO.,
Box 2, Worcester, Mass.

23 YEARS
THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

Jaeger WOOLENS Only True Sanitary Underwear

Send for Catalogue.

ALL WEIGHTS FOR ALL WANTS

Agencies in principal Cities.

New York: 16 West 23d St.; 155-57 Broadway
Brooklyn: 504 Fulton St.
Boston: 230-32 Boylston St.
Phila.: 924 Chestnut St.
Chicago: 82 State St.

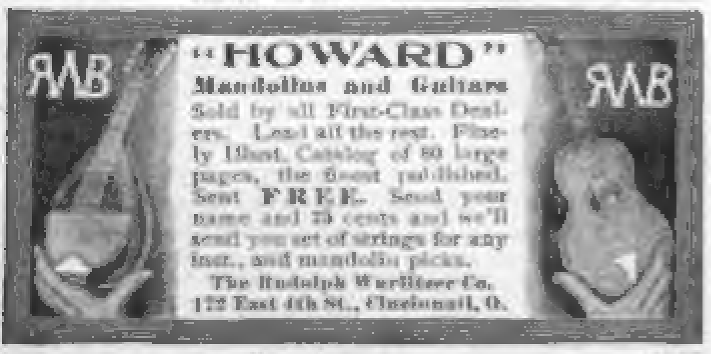
IS YOUR INSTEP LOW?

GILBERT'S HEEL CUSHIONS

"Worn inside the shoe."

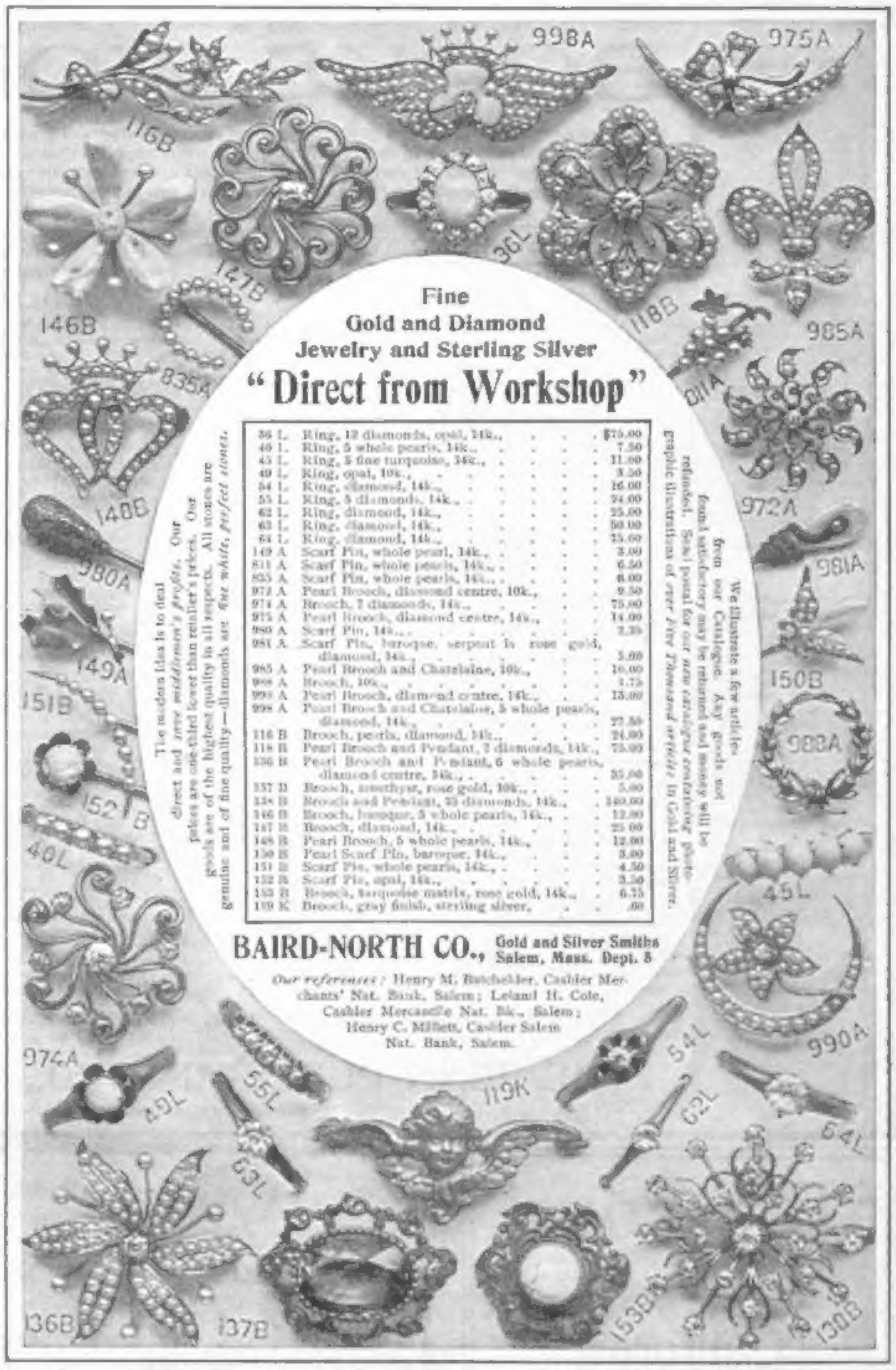
Arch the Instep, Increase Height, Make Better Fitting Shoes, Remove Jar in Walking. Indorsed by physicians. Simply placed in the heel, felt down. Don't require larger shoes. ½ in., 25c.; ¾ in., 35c.; 1 in., 50c. per pair. At shoe and dep't stores. **READ:** Send name, size shoe, height desired, and 2-cent stamp for pair on ten days' trial.

GILBERT MFG. CO., 16 Elm Street, Rochester, N. Y.



"HOWARD"
Mandolins and Guitars
Sold by all First-Class Dealers. Lead all the rest. Finely Illust. Catalog of 80 large pages, the finest published. Sent **FREE.** Send your name and 75 cents and we'll send you set of strings for any instr., and mandolin picks.
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
172 East 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS Of Famous Persons Bought and Sold
WALTER R. BENJAMIN,
1125 Broadway, New York.
Send for Price Lists.



Fine
Gold and Diamond
Jewelry and Sterling Silver
"Direct from Workshop"

36 L.	Ring, 12 diamonds, opal, 14k.,	$75.00
40 L.	Ring, 5 whole pearls, 14k.,	7.50
45 L.	Ring, 3 fine turquoise, 14k.,	11.00
49 L.	Ring, opal, 10k.,	3.50
54 L.	Ring, diamond, 14k.,	16.00
55 L.	Ring, 3 diamonds, 14k.,	24.00
62 L.	Ring, diamond, 14k.,	25.00
63 L.	Ring, diamond, 14k.,	50.00
64 L.	Ring, diamond, 14k.,	75.00
149 A	Scarf Pin, whole pearl, 14k.,	3.00
811 A	Scarf Pin, whole pearls, 14k.,	6.50
835 A	Scarf Pin, whole pearls, 14k.,	8.00
972 A	Pearl Brooch, diamond centre, 10k.,	9.50
974 A	Brooch, 7 diamonds, 14k.,	75.00
975 A	Pearl Brooch, diamond centre, 14k.,	14.00
980 A	Scarf Pin, 14k.,	2.25
981 A	Scarf Pin, baroque, serpent in rose gold, diamond, 14k.,	5.00
985 A	Pearl Brooch and Chatelaine, 10k.,	16.00
988 A	Brooch, 10k.,	1.75
990 A	Pearl Brooch, diamond centre, 14k.,	13.00
998 A	Pearl Brooch and Chatelaine, 5 whole pearls, diamond, 14k.,	27.50
116 B	Brooch, pearls, diamond, 14k.,	24.00
118 B	Pearl Brooch and Pendant, 7 diamonds, 14k.,	75.00
136 B	Pearl Brooch and Pendant, 6 whole pearls, diamond centre, 14k.,	35.00
137 B	Brooch, amethyst, rose gold, 10k.,	5.00
138 B	Brooch and Pendant, 35 diamonds, 14k.,	140.00
146 B	Brooch, baroque, 5 whole pearls, 14k.,	12.00
147 B	Brooch, diamond, 14k.,	25.00
148 B	Pearl Brooch, 6 whole pearls, 14k.,	12.00
150 B	Pearl Scarf Pin, baroque, 14k.,	3.00
151 B	Scarf Pin, whole pearls, 14k.,	4.50
152 B	Scarf Pin, opal, 14k.,	3.50
153 B	Brooch, turquoise matrix, rose gold, 14k.,	6.75
119 K	Brooch, gray finish, sterling silver,	.60

The modern idea is to deal direct and save *middlemen's profits.* Our prices are one-third lower than retailer's prices. Our goods are of the highest quality in all respects. All stones are genuine and of fine quality—diamonds are *fine white, perfect stones.*

We illustrate a few articles from our Catalogue. Any goods not found satisfactory may be returned and money will be refunded. Send postal for our *new catalogue containing photographic illustrations of over Five Thousand articles* in Gold and Silver.

BAIRD-NORTH CO., Gold and Silver Smiths Salem, Mass. Dept. 8

Our references: Henry M. Batchelder, Cashier Merchants' Nat. Bank, Salem; Leland H. Cole, Cashier Mercantile Nat. Bk., Salem; Henry C. Millett, Cashier Salem Nat. Bank, Salem.

JOHN HOLLAND (Founded in 1841.) **FOUNTAIN PENS**

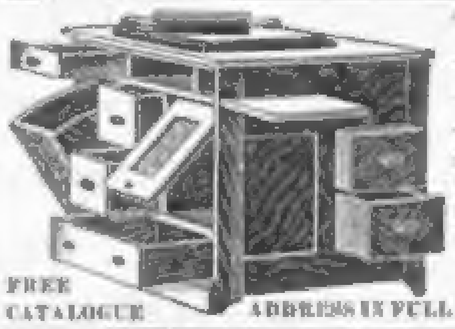
WRITE INSTANTLY NEVER DROP INK PLEASE EVERYBODY

Guaranteed to Write Perfectly for 5 (more likely to last 20) Years

Money instantly refunded if perfect satisfaction and comfort is not secured. Made in large variety of strikingly original designs, in all sizes, and all kinds of points. Moderate prices.

Your dealer will supply you, or write to us for free descriptive booklet No. 6HA and price list

THE JOHN HOLLAND GOLD PEN CO., 127 to 129 E. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio



THE QUEEN HYGIENIC KITCHEN CABINETS FROM $2.50 UP

The greatest labor-saving devices ever invented. They are worth three closets. **Save time, trouble, space, labor and money.** Have convenient receptacles for all baking utensils, cereal products, spices, table linen, etc. We manufacture **20 styles** in various sizes, ranging in prices from $2.50 upwards. Write for our complete Free 100-page Catalogue. **We will save you money on Kitchen Cabinets and Household Furniture.**

Buy direct from factory and save dealer's profit

FREE CATALOGUE ADDRESS IN FULL **The Queen Cabinet Co., Dept. L 17—232 to 236 Fifth Av., Chicago, Ill.**

I want to be a pen and ink artist

If you have a liking or natural talent for drawing, cut this out and mail it with your name and address, and get a free Sample Lesson, Circular with terms, etc.

SCHOOL OF CARICATURE
85 World Building, New York City

PARKER'S ARCTIC SOCKS

(Trade Mark)

Healthful for the bed-chamber, bath and sick-room. Made of knitted wool fabric, lined with soft, white wool fleece. Worn in rubber boots absorbs perspiration. Sold in all sizes by dealers or sent by mail, 25c. pair. *Parker pays postage.* *Catalog free.* J. H. PARKER, Dept. 57, 163 Bedford Street, Boston

Money for Christmas Presents

To any boy who answers this notice we will send 10 copies of next week's issue of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

entirely without charge, to be sold at 5 cents each. This will give him 50 cents clear profit and establish him in business. After that he can have all the copies he requires at the special wholesale price, with the privilege of returning any unsold copies for what he paid for them. In addition to the profit earned, we will give to the 100 boys who do the best work in November premiums, consisting of bicycles, guns, watches, cameras, etc.; or, to any one who would rather have it, the cash at which they are valued. If you will try it send us a line, and we will send the first week's supply, together with full directions, the list of premiums and a little illustrated booklet, in which some of our most successful boys tell how they have made money.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia

Law
Coggins

Letter Writing
Morton

Toasts
Pittenger

Slips of Speech
Bechtel

BOOKS WORTH HAVING

Some books are designed for entertainment, others for information. This series combines both features. The information is not only complete and reliable, it is compact and readable. In this busy, bustling age it is required that the information which books contain shall be ready to hand and be presented in the clearest and briefest manner possible. These volumes are replete with valuable information, compact in form and unequalled in point of merit and cheapness. They are the latest as well as the best books on the subjects of which they treat. No one wishing to have a fund of general information or who has the desire for self-improvement can afford to be without them. They average 200 pages, are 6 x 4½ inches in size, well printed on good paper, handsomely bound in green cloth, with a heavy paper wrapper to match.

EACH 50 CENTS

EACH 50 CENTS

ETIQUETTE

By Agnes H. Morton. Success in life is often marred by bad manners. A perusal of this work will prevent such blunders. It is a book for everybody, for the select sets as well as for the less ambitious. The subject is presented in a bright and interesting manner and represents the latest vogue.

LETTER WRITING

By Agnes H. Morton. Most persons dislike letter writing because they fear they cannot say just the right thing. This admirable book not only shows by numerous examples just what kind of letters to write for all occasions, but it teaches the reader to become an accomplished original letter writer.

QUOTATIONS

By Agnes H. Morton. A clever compilation of pithy quotations, selected from a great variety of sources, and alphabetically arranged according to the sentiment. It contains all the popular quotations in current use, together with many rare bits of prose and verse not usually found.

SLIPS OF SPEECH

By John H. Bechtel. Who does not make them? The best of us do. Why not avoid them? Any one with the desire for self-improvement can. No necessity for studying rules of rhetoric or grammar, when this book can be had. It teaches both without the study of either.

PRONUNCIATION

By John H. Bechtel. What is more disagreeable than a faulty pronunciation? No defect so clearly shows a lack of culture. This volume contains over 5000 words on which most of us are apt to trip. They are here pronounced in the clearest and simplest manner, and according to the best authority.

PRACTICAL SYNONYMS

By John H. Bechtel. Any one with the least desire to add to his vocabulary should have a copy of this book. It is designed mainly to meet the wants of the busy merchant or lawyer, the thoughtful clergyman or teacher, the wide-awake schoolboy or girl.

DEBATING

By William Pittenger. There is no greater ability than the power of skillful debate. Here are directions for organizing debating societies, and suggestions for all who desire to discuss questions in public. Also a list of over 200 questions for debate, with arguments both affirmative and negative.

TOASTS

By William Pittenger. What would you not give for the ability to respond to them? No need to give much when you can learn the art from this little book. It will tell you how to do it; not only that, but by example, it will show you the way.

FLOWERS

By Eben E. Rexford. Every woman loves flowers, but few succeed in growing them. With the help so clearly given in this volume no one need fail. It treats mainly of indoor plants and flowers, those for window gardening, all about their selection, care, light, air, warmth, etc.

DANCING

By Marguerite Wilson. A complete instructor, beginning with the first positions and leading up to the square and round dances. A full list of calls for square dances, the etiquette of the dances and 100 figures for the german. Illustrated.

CONUNDRUMS

By Dean Rivers. Conundrums are intellectual exercises which sharpen our wits and lead us to think quickly. This book contains an excellent collection of over a thousand of the latest, brightest and most up-to-date conundrums, to which are added many Biblical, poetical and French conundrums.

WHIST

By Cavendish. Twenty-third edition. "According to Cavendish" is now almost as familiar an expression as "according to Hoyle." No whist player, whether a novice or an expert, can afford to be without the aid and support of Cavendish. No household in which the game is played is complete without a copy of this book.

PARLOR GAMES

By Helen E. Hollister. "What shall we do to amuse ourselves and our friends?" is a question frequently propounded. This complete volume most happily answers this puzzling question, as it contains a splendid collection of all kinds of games for amusement, entertainment and instruction.

MAGIC

By Ellis Stanyon. This book so clearly states everything that any one with ordinary intelligence can learn to perform any trick that it contains. It embraces full and detailed descriptions of all the well-known tricks with coins, handkerchiefs, billiard balls, hats, flowers, cards, etc. Illustrated.

PRACTICAL PALMISTRY

By Henry Frith. Palmistry is one of the most popular subjects of the day. More people would be interested in it if they properly understood it. This volume furnishes full and trustworthy information on the subject, and by means of it any one will be able to read character fully and accurately. Illustrated.

NURSING

By S. Virginia Levis. No household is permanently free from sickness, and it generally appears when no provision has been made for it. Not every one can afford a professional nurse, but no one need be without this work. It is the next best thing to a trained nurse, as any one can easily follow its instructions. The fullest particulars are given for the care of the sick in all the simple, as well as the serious ailments.

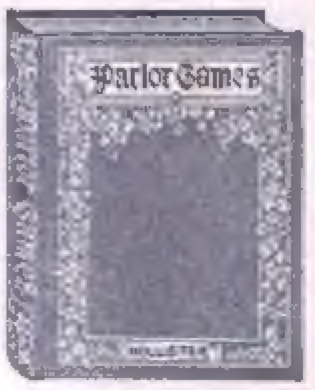
LAW, AND HOW TO KEEP OUT OF IT

By Paschal H. Coggins, Esq. Most legal difficulties arise from ignorance of the minor points of law. This volume furnishes to the busy man and woman information on just such points as are likely to arise in every-day affairs, and thus forestalls them against mental worry and financial loss.

Our 96-page catalogue is enclosed with every order, or it can be had for the asking. The books mentioned are for sale at all bookstores, or will be mailed for the price

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO., 921 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA

In answering this advertisement it is desirable that you mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



Synonyms
Bechtel

Nursing
Levis

Debating
Pittenger

"Big Four"

Best Route to

California

Colorado Texas

Via

St. Louis

WARREN J. LYNCH, Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
W. P. DEPPE, Asst. Gen'l P. & T. A.
Cincinnati, O.

A United States Wall Map

FREE This handsome county map, 48 x 34 inches, is mounted on rollers, ready to hang on the wall. It is printed in colors, is thoroughly up-to-date and is particularly interesting and valuable, as it shows in colors the different divisions of territory in America acquired since the Revolution. The original thirteen states, Louisiana purchase, the Texas annexation, the Gadsden purchase, the cession by Mexico and the Northwest acquisitions by discovery and settlement. It will be sent to any address on receipt of **15 cents** in postage, to pay for packing and transportation.

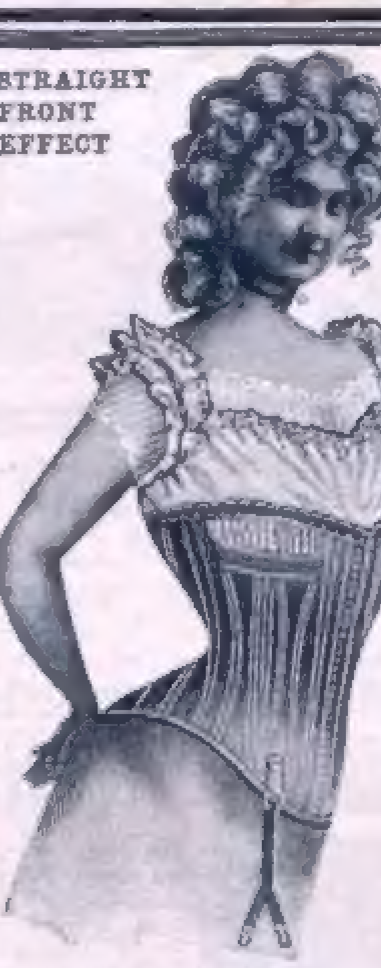
P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent
C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME

by increasing your earning power. Become a vegetarian and become healthier, stronger, clearer-headed. You'll be able to do more work and better work. You'll save in doctor bills, food bills, etc. *Our magazine explains. Send $1 for 1 year, or 25 cts. for 3 mos.* THE VEGETARIAN, 90 McVicker Bldg., Chicago

FREE Let us have your name and address for a sample copy of **Redfield's Magazine**
IT'S FREE
REDFIELD'S MAGAZINE, Smethport, Pa.
SCOTT F. REDFIELD, Publisher

STRAIGHT FRONT EFFECT



G-D Chicago Waist, Low Cut Model, Style 340. *Price* $1.00

LADIES who prefer to wear a corset waist, but wish to conform to the present mode, will find just what they need in the G-D Chicago Waist, here illustrated. It gives the

Straight Front Effect

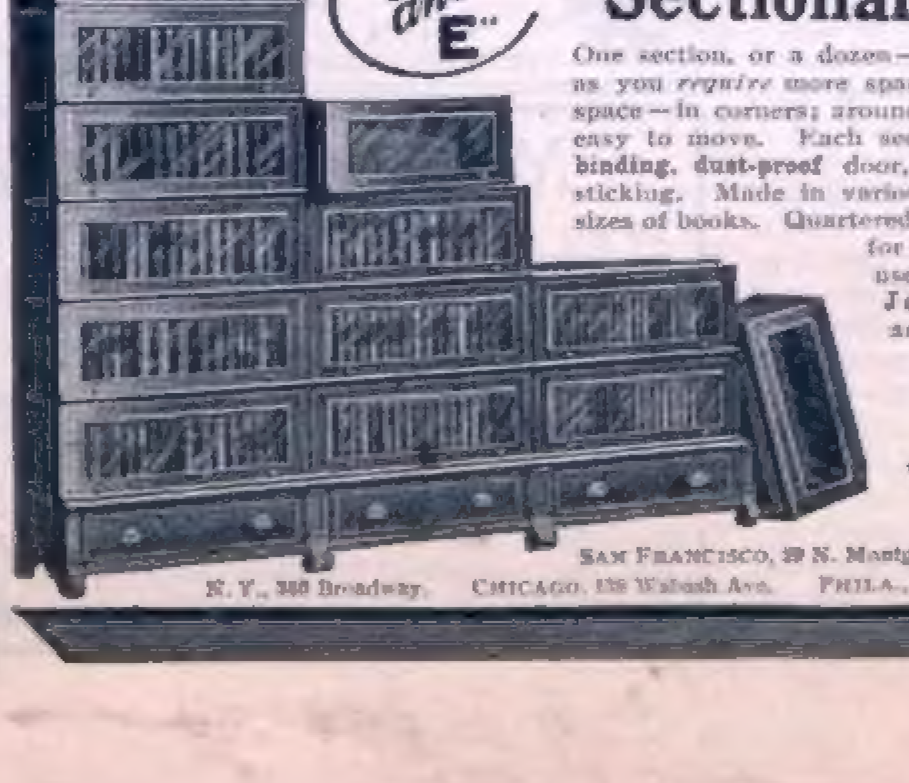
and still combines with it the comfort and ease for which G-D Chicago Waists are famous.

G-D *Chicago Waists*

are made in a great variety of styles, either with or without straps over shoulders, to suit every corset-waist need of American women.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct

GAGE-DOWNS CO.
265 Fifth Avenue, Chicago



"Y and E"

Sectional Bookcases

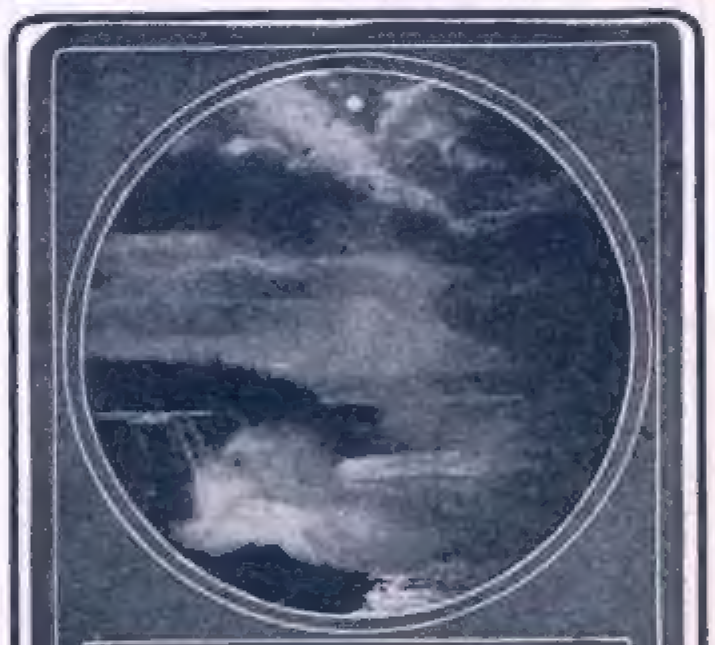
One section, or a dozen—just as you *need* them, but only as you *require* more space. They may be adapted to any space—in corners; around pillars; back to back—and are easy to move. Each section is fitted with a glass, **non-binding, dust-proof** door, that opens and shuts without sticking. Made in various sizes to accommodate different sizes of books. Quartered oak or mahogany. Besides cases for books, **Physicians** and **Dentists** use them for instrument cases—**Jewelers, Druggists** and **Grocers** are large users of them.

Correspondence with dealers regarding agencies is requested

Send for Cat. No. 32 P.

YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

SAN FRANCISCO, 29 N. Montgomery.
N. Y., 360 Broadway. CHICAGO, 138 Wabash Ave. PHILA., 925 Arch St. BOSTON, 146 Franklin.



MICHIGAN CENTRAL

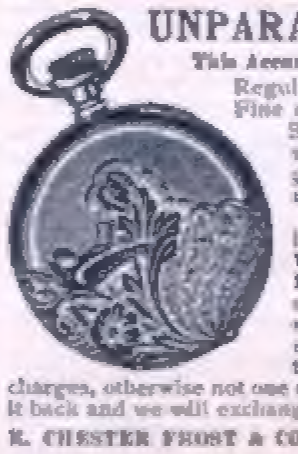
"The Niagara Falls Route."

Pan-American Special

Lv. Chicago 6:00 p. m. — Ar. Buffalo 7:45 a. m.
" Buffalo 8:30 p. m. (E.T.) " Chicago 9:30 a. m.

"Pan-American Souvenir," "A Summer Note Book" and other booklets sent for 4c. postage.

O. W. Ruggles, Gen. Pass'r and Tkt. Agt., Chicago



UNPARALLELED BARGAIN!

This Accurate Railroad Timepiece $4.65

Regular price is from $16 to $30. Fine nickel jeweled movements. Stem wind and set. Elegantly engraved double case, equal in appearance to a $30.00 Solid Gold Watch. **Guaranteed for 20 years.**

This remarkable offer is made to introduce our splendid assortment of **Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, etc., at Bankrupt Sale Prices.** Write at once, state style and size desired and we will send this watch by express for your full examination. If it pleases you pay the express agent $4.65 and express charges, otherwise not one cent. If not a perfect timekeeper send it back and we will exchange or REFUND YOUR MONEY.

R. CHESTER FROST & CO., Dept. 5, 167 Wabash Ave., Chicago

HOW TO OBTAIN A PRINTING OUTFIT FREE

We are going to give away **1000 Boy's Printers.** They print Cards, Envelopes, Linen, etc. The outfit consists of three alphabets of rubber type, a type holder, a tube of ink, an ink pad and a pair of tweezers, a wooden type case and a full set of directions. The whole outfit is in a neat box. We will not sell the Boy's Printer; we give them **FREE** to every boy who subscribes for **The Star Monthly** for six months. Send us 25c. in silver or 30c. in stamps and we will enter your subscription for six months and send you the Boy's Printer by return mail, postage prepaid. Address

THE STAR MONTHLY, OAK PARK, ILLINOIS